

# GREENES ARCADIA.

OR  
MENAPHON: CAMIL.

laes Alarum to slumber Eu-  
phues in his Melancholy  
Cell at Silexedra.

Wherein are desciphered, the variable effects  
of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the tri-  
umphs of inconstant Time.

A worke worthy the yongest cares for pleasure,  
or the grauest censures for principles.

By ROBERTVS GREENE, in *Arti-  
bus Magister.*

Omne tulit punctum.



L O N D O N

Printed for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop  
in Saint *Dunstons* Church-yard vnder the Diall,  
in *Fleete-streete*, 1610.

GREENES

ARCADIA

THE HISTORY OF THE

PEOPLES OF THE

ISLAND OF

ARCADIA

IN THE

ISLAND OF

ARCADIA

IN THE

ISLAND OF

ARCADIA

IN THE

ISLAND OF

ARCADIA

IN THE

ISLAND OF





# TO THE GETLEMEN STVDENTS OF BOTH VNIVERSITIES.



Vrteous, and wise, whose iudgements (not entangled with enuie) enlarge the deserts of the learned, by your liberall censures: vouchsafe to welcome your Scholler-like Shepheard, with such Vniuersity entertainment, as either the nature of your bounty, or the custome of your common ciuility may affoord. To you he appeales that knew him *ab extrema pueritia*, whose *placet* he accounts the *plaudite* of his paines: thinking his day-labour was not altogether lauisht *sine linea*, if there bee any thing at al in it, that doth *olere Atticum* in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late, so that euery mechanickall mate abhorreth the English he was borne too, and plucks with a solemne periphrasis, his *ut vales* from the inkehorne: which I impute, not so much to the perfection of Arts, as to the seruile imitation of vaine glorious Tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excell in action, as to embowell the cloudes in a speech of comparison, thinking themselves more then initiated in Poets immortality, if they but once get *Boreas* by the beard, and the heauenly Bull by the deaw-lap. But heerein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly, as their ideot Art-masters, that intrude themselves to our eares as the Alcumists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) thinke to out-braue better pennes with the swelling bum-bast of bragging blanke verse. Indeede it may bee, the ingrafted ouerflow of some kil-cow conceit, that ouercloyeth  
A 2  
their

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their imagination with a more then drunken resolution, being not extemporall in the inuention of any other meanes to vent their manhoode, commits the disgestion of their cholericke incumbrances, to the spacious volubilitie of a drumming decasillabon. Mongst this kind of men, that repose eternitie in the mouth of a Player, I can but ingrosse some deep read Schoolemen or Grammarians, who hauing no more learning in their skull, then will serue to take vp a commoditie, nor Art in their braine then was nourished in a seruing mans idlenesse, will take vppon them to be the ironical Censors of all, when God and Poetrie doth know they are the simplest of all. To leaue all these to the mercy of their Mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crums that fall fro the Translators trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy *Arcadian Menaphon*, whose attire (though not so stately, yet comely) doth intitle thee aboue all other, to that *temperatum dicendi genus*, which *Tully* in his Orator termeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the Mountaine that in seauen yeares bringeth forth a Mousse, or the Italianate penne, that of a packet of pilfries, affords the presse a pamphlet or two in an age, and then in disguised array vaunts *Onids* and *Plutarchs* plumes as theyr owne: but giue me the man, whose extemporall veine in any humour, will excell our greatest Art-maisters deliberate thoughts, whose inuentions quicker then his eye, will challenge the proudest Rhetoritian, to the contention of like perfection, with like expedition.

What is he among Students so simple, that cannot bring forth (*tanquam aliquando*) some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt euery sentence? What is not *Maroes* twelue yeeres toile, that so famed his twelue *Aeneidos*? Or *Peter Ramus* sixteene yeeres paines that so praised his petty Logicke? How is it then, our drowping wits should so wonder at an exquisite line, that was his Masters day-labour? Indeede I must needes say, the descending yeares from the Philosophers *Athens*, haue not been supplied with such present Orators, as were able in any English veine to be eloquent

quent of their owne, but either they must borrow inuention of *Aristo*, & his countrimen, take vp choise of words by exchange in *Tullies Tusculans*, & the Latine Historiographers storehouses, similitudes, nay whole sheetes, & tractates *verbatim*, from the plentie of *Plutarch* and *Plinie*: and to conclude, their whole methode of writing, from the libertie of comicall fictions, that haue succeeded to our Rhetoricians by a second imitation; so that well may the Adage, *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius*, be the most iudicall estimate of our latter Writers. But the hunger of our vsfatiat humorists, beeing such as it is, ready to swallow all draffe without difference, that insinuates it selfe to their senses vnder the name of delights, imployes oft-times many thredbare wits, to emptic their inuention of their apish deuices, and talke most superficially of Policie, as those that neuer ware gowned in the Vniuersitie; wherein they reuiue the old said Adage, *Sus Minervam*, and cause the wiser to quippe them with *Asinus ad hyram*. Would Gentlemen and riper iudgements admit my motion of moderation in a matter of folly, I would perswade them to physicke their faculties of seeing and hearing, as the Sabæans doe their dulled senses with smelling: who (as *Strabo* reporteth) ouercloyd with such odoriferous sauours as the naturall increase of their country (Balsamum, Amomum, with Myrrhe and Frankencense) sends forth, refresh their nostrilles with the vsfauourie sent of the pitchy slime, that *Euphrates* cast vp, & the cõtigious fumes of Goats beards burned: so would I haue them, beeing surfeited vniwares with the sweet society of eloquence, which the lauish of our copious language may procure, to vse the remedie of contraries, and recreate their rebated wits; not as they did, with the sending of slime or Goates beards burned, but with the ouerseeing of that *sublime dicendi genus*, which walkes abroad for wast paper in each seruing-mans pocket, and the otherwhile perusing of our Gothamists barbarisme; so should the opposite comparison of *Puritie* expell the infection of Absurditie, and their over-racked Rhetoricke, be the Ironicall recreation of the Reader.

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But so farre discrepant is the idle vsage of our vnexperienced and illiterated Punies from this prescription, that a tale of Ioane of Brainfords will, and the vnlucky frumenty, will be as soone entertained into their Libraries, as the best Poëme that euer *Tasso* eternisht: which being the effect of an vndiscerning iudgment, makes drosse as valuable as gold, and losse as wel-come as gaine; the Glow-worme mentioned in *Aesops* Fables, namely, the Apes folly, to be mistaken for fire, when as God wot poore soules, they haue nought but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their sweate, and (to bring it to our English Prouerbe) their labour for their trauell. Wherein I can but resemble them to the Panther, who is so greedy of mens excrements, that if they be hanged vp in a vessell higher then his reach, he sooner kills himselfe with the ouer-stretching of his windlesse body, then he will cease from his intended enterprise. Oft haue I obserued what I now set downe: a secular wit that hath liued all dayes of his life by, what doe you lacke? to be more iudiciall in matters of conceit, then our quadrant crepundious, that spit *ergo* in the mouth of euery one they meete: yet those and these are affectionate to dogged detracting, as the most poysonous *Pasquils* any durty mouthed *Martin*, or *Momus* euer composed, is gathered vp with greedinesse before it fall to the ground, and bought at the dearest, though they smell of the friplers lauender, halfe a yeere after: for I know not how the minde of the meanest is fedde with this folly, that they impute singularity, to him that slaunders priuily, and count it a great peece of Art in an ink-horne man, in any tapsterly termes whatsoeuer, to expose his superiours to enuy. I will not deny but in scholler-like matters of controuersie, a quicker stile may passe as commendable, and that, a quip to an Asse is as good as a goad to an Oxe: but when the irregular Ideot, that was vp to the eares in diuinity, before euer he met with *probabile* in the Vniuersitie, shall leaue *pro & contra* before hee can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct common-weales, that neuer heard of the name of Magistrate before hee came to

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Cambridge, it is no marvaile if euery Alehouse vaunt the table of the world turned vpside downe, since the child beateth his father, and the Assle whippeth his Master. But lest I might seeme with these night-crowes, *Nimis curiosus in aliena republica*, I will turne backe to my first text of Studies of delight, and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triuiall translators. It is a common practise now a dayes amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery Art, and thrise by none, to leaue the trade of *Non-runt*, whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the indenours of Art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck verse if they should haue neede: yet English *Seneca* read by Candle-light yeelds many good sentences, as *Blood is a begger*, and so forth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, hee will affoord you whole Hamlets, I should say, handfuls of Tragicall speeches. But O griefe! *Tempus edax rerum*, whats that will last alwayes? The Sea exhaled by droppes will in continuance bee drie, and *Seneca* let blood line by line, and page by page, at length must needes die to our Stage; which makes his famished followers to imitate the Kid in *Æsop*, who enamoured with the Foxes newfangles, forfooke all hopes of life to leape into a newe occupation: and these men renouncing all possibilities of credite or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian Translations: Wherein, how poorely they haue plodded, (as those that are neither Puerzal-men, nor are able to distinguish of Articles,) let all indifferent Gentlemen that haue traueled in that tongue, discern by their two-pennie Pamphlets. And no maruell though their home borne mediocritie bee such in this matter; for what can bee hoped of those, that thrust *Elisium* into hell, and haue not learned so long as they haue liued in the Spheres, the iust measure of the Horizon without an hexameter? Sufficeth them to bodge vp a blanke verse with ifs and ands, and otherwhile for recreation after their Candle-stuffe, hauing starched their beards most curiously, to make a Peripateticall path into the inner parts of the Citie, and spend two or three howers in turning ouer French.

French Dowrie, where they attract more infection in one minute, then they can do eloquence all daies of their life, by conuersing with any Authors of like argument. But lest in this declamatorie veine, I should condemne all, and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation, those men of import, that haue laboured with credite in this laudable kind of Translation. In the forefront of whom, I cannot but place that aged father *Erasmus*, that inuested most of our Greeke writers in the robes of the ancient Romanes; in whose traces, *Philip Melancthon*, *Sadolet*, *Plantine*, and many other reuerent Germaines insitting, haue reedified the ruines of our decayed Libraries, and maruellously enriched the Latine tongue with the expence of their toyle. Not long after, their emulation being transported into England, euerie priuate scholer, *William Turner*, and who not, beganne to vant their smattering of Latine, in English impressions. But amongst others in that age, sir *Thomas Eliots* elegance did seuer it selfe from all equals, although sir *Thomas Moore* with his comical wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not knowledge fully confirmed in her Monarchy amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint *Iohns* in *Cambridge*, that at that time was as an Vniuersity within it selfe, shining so farre aboue all other houses, Halles, and hospitals whatsoeuer, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to compare with the tithe of her Students, hauing (as I haue heard graue men of credite report) moe Candles light in it, euery Winter morning before foure of the clocke, then the foure of the clocke bell gaue strokes: till she (I say) as a pittying mother, put to her helping hand, and sent from her fruitfull wombe, sufficient Scholers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supply all other inferior foundations defects, and namely, that royall erection of Trinity Colledge, which the Vniuersity Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly termed *Colonia deducta*, from the suburbs of Saint *Iohns*. In which extraordinary conception, *uno partu in rempublicam prodire*, the Exchequer of eloquence, sir *Iohn Cheeke*, a man of men, supernaturally

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turally traded in all tongs, sir *John Mason*, Doctor *Watson*, *Redman*, *Ascam*; *Grindall*; *Leuer*, *Pilkinton*: all which haue either by their priuate readings, or publique workes, repurged the errors of Arte, expelled from their puritie, and set before our eyes a more perfect methode of Studie.

But how ill their precepts haue prospered with our idle age, that leaue the fountaines of Sciences, to follow the riuers of Knowledge, their ouer-fraught studies, with trifling compendiarie may testifie: for I know not how it commeth to passe, by the doting practise of our Diuinitie Dunces, that stroue to make their pupills pulpit-men; before they are reconciled to *Priscian*: but those yeares which should bee employed in *Aristotle*, are expired in Epitomes, and well too, they may haue so much Catechisme vacation, to take vp a little refuse philosophy.

And heere I could enter into a large field of inuectiue against our abiect abbreviations of Arts, were it not growne to a new fashion among our Nation, to vaunt the pride of contraction in euery manuarie action: insomuch, that the *Pater noster*, which was wont to fill a sheete of Paper, is written in the compasse of a pennie: whereupon one merily assumed that proverbe to be deriued, *No penny, no pater noster*. Which their nice curtailing putteth mee in minde of the custome of the Scythians, who if they had beene at any time distressed with famine, tooke in their girdles shorter, and swaddled themselves straighter, to the intēt, no *vacuum* being left in their intrailles, hunger should not so much tyrannize ouer their stomacks: euen so these men oppressed with a greater penurie of Art, doe pound their capacitie in barren compendiums, and bound their base humours in the beggarlike straites of a hungry *Analysis*, left longing after that *infinitum*, which the pouertie of their conceit cannot compasse, they sooner yeelde vp their youth to deslinie, then their heart to vnderstanding.

How is it then such bungling practitioners in principles, should euer profit the Common-wealth by their negligent paines, who haue no more cunning in Logicke or dialogue



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Latine, then appertaines to the literall construction of either neuerthelesse, it is daily apparant to our domestical eyes, that there is none so forward to publish their imperfections, either in their trade of glose or translations, as those that are more vnlearned then ignorant, and lesse conceiuing than infants. Yet dare I not impute absurditie to all of that societie, although some of them haue set their names to their simplicity. Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faultie, Maister *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired to since his departure, whereto hee did ascend, by comparing the Italian with the English, as *Tully*, did *Græca cum Latinis*. Neither was *M. Turberuile* the worst of his time, though in translating hee attributed too much to the necessitie of the time. And in this page of praise, I cannot omit aged *Arthur Golding*, for his industrious toyle in Englishing *Ouids Metamorphosis*, besides many other exquisite editions of diuinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our owne. *M. Phaer* likewise is not to be forgot, in regard of his famous *Virgill*, whose heavenly verse, had it not beene blemished by his haucie thoughts, England might haue long insulted his wit, and *corrigas qui potest* haue beene subscribed to his works. But Fortune, the Mistresse of change, with a pitying compassion, respecting Maister *Stanham*s praise, would that *Phaer* should fall that hee might rise, whose heroicall poetry inflamed, I should say inspired with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, what euer blisfed Barbarisme hath been buried this C. yeere: and reuiued by his ragged quill such earterly varietie, as no hodge plowman in a country but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie: a patterne whereof I will propound to your iudgements, as neere as I can, beeing part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus.

Then did he make heauens vaults to rebound,  
with rounce robbie babbles,  
Of frusser affeering,  
with thwicke thwacke thurleie bounding.

Which



Which strange language of the firmament, neuer subiect before to our common phrased, make vs that are not vsed to terminate heauen's moving in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare interpreter, as of some Thraasonicall huffe snuffe, for so terrible was his stile to all milde eares, as would haue affrighted our peaceable Poets from intermeddling here after, with that quarrelling kind of verse, had not sweet Maister *France*, by his excellent translation of Maister *Thomas Watsons* sugred *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits, to such high witted inducours. But I know not how, their ouer-timorous cowardise hath flood in awe of euuie, that no man since him durst imitate any of the woorst of those Romane wonders in English: which makes me thinke, that either the louers of mediocritie are very many, or that the number of good Poets are very small, and in truth, (Maister *Watson* except, whom I mentioned before) I know not almost any of late dayes, that hath shewed himselfe singuler in any speciall Latine Poeme: whose *Amintas*, and translated *Amigone*, may march in equippage of honour, with any of your ancient Poets: I will not say but we had a *Haddon*, whose penne would haue challenged the Lawrell from *Homer*, together with *Car* that came as neere him as *Virgil* to *Theocritus*. But *Thomas Newton* with his *Leiland*, and *Gabriell Harvey*, with two or three other, is almost all the store that is left vs at this houre. Epitaphers, and position Poets, wee haue more then a good many, that swarme like Crowes to a dead carcasse, but flie like Swallowes in the Winter, from any continueate subiect of wit.

The efficient whereof, I imagine to issue from the vp-start discipline of our reformatorie Churchmen, who account wit vanitie, and poetry impiety: whose error, although the necessity of philosophie might confute, which lies couched most closely vnder darke fables profunditie, yet I had rather referre it as a disputatiue plea by diuines, then set it downe as a determinate position in my vnexperienced opinion. But how euer their dissentious iudgements should decree in their after noone sessions of *conferre*, the priuate truth of my discou-

red Creede in this controuersie is this, that as that beaſt was thought ſcarce worthy to be ſacrificed to the Egyptian *Eſaphus*, who had not ſome or other blacke ſpot on his ſkin: ſo I deeme him farre vnworthy the name of a ſcholer, and ſo conſequently to ſacrifice his endeouours to Art, that is not a Poet, either in whole or in part.

And heere peradventure, ſome desperate quipper, will canuaze my purpoſed compariſon *Plus ultra*, reconciling the alluſion of the blacke ſpot, to the blacke pot, which maketh our Poets vndermeale Muses to mutinons, as euery ſtanço they pen after dinner, is full pointed with a ſlabbe. Which their dagger drunkenneſſe, although it might be excuſed with *tam Marti, quam Mercurio*, yet will I couer it as well as I may with that prouerbiall *ſecundi calices*, that might well haue bene doore-keeper to the kanne of *Silennus*, when nodding on his Aſſe trapped with Iuie, he made his moiſt noſe-cloth the paſſing *intermedium* twixt euery napper. Let ſugall ſcholers, and fine fingered nouices, take their drinke by the ounce, and their wine by the halfe penny worths, but it is for a Poet to exanline the pottle pots, and gage the bot-tome of whole gallons, *qui bene uult poſcin, debet ante pinein*. A pot of blew burning ale, with a hery flaming toſſe, is as good as *Pallas* with the nine Muses on *Pernassus* top: without the which, in vaine they may crie, O thou my Muſe, inſpire me with ſome penne, when they want certaine liquid ſacrifice to rouze her forth her denne.

Pardon mee. (Gentlemen) though ſomewhat merrily I glance at their immoderate folly, who affirme, that no man writes with conceit, except he take counſell of the cup: nor would I haue you thinke, that *Theonino dente*, I arme my ſtile againſt all, ſince I doe know the moderation of many Gentlemen of that ſtudie, to be ſo farre from infamie, as their verſe from equality: whoſe ſufficiency, were it as well ſeene into, by thoſe of higher place, as it wanders abroad vnrewarded in the mouthes of vngratefull monſters, no doubt but the remembrance of *Mæcenas* liberality extended to *Maro*, and men of like quality, would haue left no memory to that prouerbe.

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prouerbe of Pouerty, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere faras.* Tush, say our English Italians, the finest wits our climate sends forth, are but drie brained dolts in comparison of other countries: whom if you interrupt with *reddere rationem*, they will tell you of *Petrarch*, *Tasso*, *Celano*, with an infinite number of others, to whom if I should oppose *Chaucer*, *Lydgate*, *Gower*, with such like, that liued vnder the tyranny of ignorance, I do thinke their best louers would be much discontented with the collation of contraries, if I should write ouer all their heads, Haile fellow, well met. One thing I am sure of, that each of these three, haue vented their meeters with as much admiration in English, as euer the proudest *Ariosto* did his verse in Italian.

What should I come to our Court, where the otherwhile vacations of our grauer Nobility are prodigall of more pompous wit, and choice of words; then euer tragicke *Tasso* could attaine to? But as for pastorall poems, I will not make the comparison, lest our countrimens credite should be discountenanced by the contention: who although they cannot fare with such inferiour facility, yet I know would carry the bucklers full easily from all forraine brauers, if their *subitum circa quod*, should saucour of any thing hauntie. And should the challenge of deepe conceit be intruded by any forrainer, to bring our English wits to the touchstone of Art, I would prefette diuine Master *Spencer*, the miracle of wit, to bandie line by line for my life, in the honour of England against Spaine, Fraunce, Italy, and all the world. Neither is he the onely swallow of our Summer, (although *Apollo*, if his Tripes were vp againe, would pronounce him his *Socrates*;) but he being forborne, there are extant about London, many most able men, to requiue Poetry, though it were executed tenne thousand times, as in *Platoes*, so in Puritans Common-wealth: as namely for example, *Munhe Roydon*, *Thomas Achlow*, and *George Peele*: the first of whom, as he hath shewed himselfe singular in the immortall Epitaph of his beloued *Astrophell*, besides many other most absolute Comike inuentions (made more publike by euery mans

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praise, then they can be by my speech,) so the second hath more then once or twice manifested his deepe witted scholarship in places of credite: and for the last, though not the least of them all, I dare commend him vnto all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasure now living, the *Atlas* of Poetrie, and *primus verborum Artifex*: whose first increase, the arraignment of *Paris* might pleade to your opinions, his pregnant dexterity of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention, wherein (*me indice*) he goeth a steppe beyond all that write. Sundry other sweete Gentlemen I doe know; that we haue vaunted their penures in priuate deuises, and tricked vp a company of taffaty fooles with their feathers, whose beauty, if our Poets had not pecked with the supply of their periwigs, they might haue antickt it vntill this time vp and downe the Countrey with the King of Fairies, and dined euery day at the pease porredge ordinary with *Delfrigs*.

But *Tolasse* hath forgotten that it was sometime sacked, and beggars that euer they carried their fardels on footback: and in truth no maruaile, when as the deserued reputation of one *Roseius*, is of force to enrich a rabble of counterfeits. Yet let subiects for all their insolence, dedicate a *De profundis* euery morning to the preservation of their *Cesar*, lest their increasing indignities returne them ere long their iugling to mediocrity, and they bewaile in weeping blankes, the wane of their Monarchie.

As Poetrie hath beene honoured in those her forenamed professours, so it hath not beene any whit disparaged by *William Warners* absolute *Albions*. And heere Authoritie hath made a full point: in whose reuerence insisting I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those Pamphleters, and Poets, that make a patrimonie of *In speech*, and more then a younger brothers inheritance of their *Abbie*. Reade fauourably, to encourage me in the firtings of my folly, and perswade your selues, I will persecute those idiots and their heires vnto the third generation, that haue made Art bankrupt of her ornaments, and sent Poetry a begging vp and downe

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downe the Country. It may be, my *Anatomic* of *Abstr-*  
*dities* may acquaint you ere long with my skill in surgery,  
wherein the diseases of Art more merrily discouered, may  
make our inaimed Poets put together their blankes vnto the  
building of an Hospitall.

If yon chance to meete it in *Pantes*, shaped in a new suite  
of similitudes, as if like the eloquent apprentice of *P. Linnæus*,  
it were propped at seuen years end in double apparell, thinke  
his master hath fulfilled covenants; and onely cancelled the  
Indentures of dutie. If I please, I will thinke my ignorance  
indebted vnto you that applaud it: If not, what rests,

but that I be excluded from your curtesie,

like *Aporrypha* from your

*Bibles?*

*Flow euer, yours euer.*

*Thomas Nash.*

*Elicious words the life of wanton wit,  
 That doth inspire our soules with sweet content,  
 Why hath your Father Hermes thought it fit  
 Mine eyes should surfet by my harts consent?  
 Fulltwentie Summers haue I fading seene,  
 And twentie Floraces in their golden guise:  
 Yet neuer viewde I such a pleasant Greene,  
 As this whose garnisht glades compare, demise  
 Of all the flowers a Lilly once I lou'd,  
 Whose labouring beautie trancht it selfe abroad.  
 But now old age his glory hath remou'd,  
 And greener obiects are mine eyes abroad.  
 No Country to the downes of Arcadie,  
 Where Aganippes euer springing welles  
 Doe moue the meados with bubbling melodie,  
 And makes me muse what more in Delos dwels.  
 There feedes our Menaphons celestiall Muse,  
 There makes his Pipe his pastorall report:  
 Which straiues now a note aboue his vse,  
 Foretells hee le nere come chaunt of Thoaes sport.  
 Reade all that list, and read till you mislike,  
 To condemne who can, so Ennie be not Iudge:  
 No, reade who can, swell more higher, lest it stricke.  
 Robin thou hast done well, care not who grudge.*

Henry Vpcher.

The reports of the Shepheards.



After that the wrath of mighty Ioue had  
wrought Arcadia with noysome pestilence, in-  
somuch that the ayre yelding preiudiciall sa-  
uors, seemed to be peremptory in some fatall  
resolution, Democles soueraigne and King of  
that famous Continent, pittying the sinister  
accidents of his people, being a man as iust in his censurs,  
as royall in his possessions, as carefull for the weale of his  
Country, as the countenance of his diademe, thinking that  
vnpopled Cities were corrosiues in Princes consciences,  
that the strength of his subiects was the sinewes of his do-  
minions, and that euery crowne must containe a care, not  
onely to win honoꝝ by foꝛreine conquests, but in mainetain-  
ing dignitie with ciuill and domestical insights. Democles  
grounding his arguments vpon these premises, coueting  
to be counted *Pater patrie*, calling a parliament together,  
whither all his nobility incited by summons made their  
repaire, elected two of his chiefe Lords to passe vnto Del-  
phos, at Apollos Oracle, to heare the fatall sentence, either  
of their future misery, or present remedie. They hauing  
their charge, passing from Arcadia to the Tripas, where Pi-  
thia sat, the sacred Pimph that deliuered out Apollos Dy-  
clonimas, offering (as their manner is) their Orisons and  
presents, as well to intreat by deuotion, as to perswade by  
bounty, they had returned from Apollo this doome.

When Neptune riding on the Southeroe seas,  
Shall from the bolome of his Lemman yeeld,  
The *Arcadian* wonder, men and Gods to please:

Plenty in pride shall march amidst the field.  
Dead men shall warre, and vnborne babes shal l frowne,  
And with their sawchons hew their foemen downe:  
When Lambs haue Lyons for their surest guide,  
And Plannets rest vpon the *Arcadian* hills:



## Greenes Arcadia.

When swelling seas haue neither ebbe nor tide,  
When equall bankes the Ocean margine fill,  
Then looke *Arcadians* for a happy time,  
And sweet content within your troubled clime.

So sooner had Pichia deliuered this scroll to the Lords of Arcadia, but they departed and brought it to Democles, who causing the Oracle to be read amongst the distressed commons, found the Delphian censure moze full of doubts to amaze, then fraught with hope to comfort: thinking rather that the anger of God sent a peremptory prelage of ruine, then a probable ambiguitie to applaud any hope of remedie: yet loath to haue his careful subiects fall into the balefull Labyrinth of despaire, Democles beganne to discourse vnto them, that the interpreters of Apollos secrets were not the conceits of humane reason, but the successe of long expected events, that comets did portend at the first blaze, but took effect in the dated bosome of the destinies: that Oracles were forgot at the Delphian case, but were shapte out and finished in the Counsell house. With such perswasive arguments Democles appeased the distressed thoughts of his doubtfull countrymen, and commaunded by proclamation, that no man should pry into the quiddities of Apollos answere, lest sundry censures of his diuine secrecy should trouble Arcadia with some sudden mutiny. The King thus smoothing the heat of his cares, rested a melancholy man in his court: hiding vnder his head the double faced figure of Ianius, as well to cleare the shies of other mens conceits with smiles, as to furnish out his own dumps with thoughts. But as other beastes leuell their looks at the countenance of the lyon, & birds make wings as the Eagles fly: so *Regis ad arbitrium totus componitur orbis*: the people were measured by the minde of their soueraigne, and what stormes soeuer they smothered in priuate conceits, yet they made hay, and cryed holiday in outward appearance: insomuch that every man repayed to his owne home, and fell either vnto pleasures or labours

AMANO PIA ORD E SAN DINO IO F D E D S S I E K E A



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labours, as their living or content allowed them.

Whiles thus Arcadia rested in a silent quiet, Menaphon the Kings shepheard, a man of high account among the Swaines of Arcadia, loued of the Pimphes, as the paragon of all their country youngsters, walking solitary downe to the Shore, to see if any of his Cows and Lambes were stragled downe to the Strand to brayze on the Sea Bay, whereof they take speciall delight to feede: hee found his flockes gazing vpon the Promontory Mountaines hardily: whereon resting himselfe on a hil that ouer-pared the great Mediterranean, noting how Phoebus fetched his *Lanatos* on the purple Plaines of Neptunus, as if he had meant to haue courted Theris in the royaltie of his robes: the Dolphins (the swat conceiters of Musicke) fetch their carrers on the calmed wanes, as of Arion had touched the strings of his siluer sounding instrument: the Mermaides thrusting their heads from the bosome of Amphitrite, sate on the mounting bankes of Neptune, drying their watzy tresses in the Sunne-beames. *Eolus* forbore to throw abroade his guests on the slumbring browes of the Sea God, as giuing Triton leane to pleasure his Quene with desired melodie, and Proteus liberty to followe his flockes without disquiet.

Menaphon looking ouer the champion of Arcady to see if the continent was as full of smiles, as the Seas were of saouours, saw the shrubbes as in a dreame with delightfull harmonie, and the birds that chaunted on their branches, not disturbed with the least breath of a fauourable Zephirus. Hearing thus the accord of the land and Sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water Pimphes, hee beganne to consider how Venus was faigned by the Poets to spring of the froth of the Seas: which dreame him straight into a deep coniecture of the inconstancy of loue, that as if Luna were his load-starre, had every minute ebbes and tydes, sometime ouerflowing the bankes of Fortune with a gracious lake lightened from the eyes of a fauourable loue, other whiles ebbing to the dangerous shelte of despaire, with the pier-

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ring frowne of a froward Mistresse. Menaphon in this browne studie, calling to minde certaine Aphorismes that Auarreon had pend downe as principles of loues follies, being as deepe an enemy to fancie, as Narcissus was to affecti-  
on, began thus to scoffe at Venus Deitie.

Menaphon, thy mindes fauours are greater than thy  
wealths fortunes, thy thoughts higher than thy birth, and  
thy priuate conceit better then thy publique esteeme. Thou  
art a shepheard Menaphon, who in feeding of thy flocke find-  
est out natures secrecy, and in preventing thy lambs pre-  
iudice, conceitest the astronomickall motions of the heauens:  
holding thy shep, walkes to yeld as great Philosophie, as  
the ancients discourse in their learned Academies. Thou  
countest labo: as the Indians do their Chrysocola, where-  
with they try euery mettall, and thou examine euery acti-  
on. Content sitteth in thy minde as Neptune in his Sea-  
throne, who with his trident mace appealeth euery sto: me.  
When thou seest the heauens frowne, thou thinkest on thy  
faults, and a clere skie putteth thee in minde of grace: the  
Summers glorie tels thee of youths vanitie; & winters parched  
leauces, of ages declining weaknesse. Thus in a mir-  
rour thou measurest thy doeds with equall and considerate  
motions, & by being a shepheard findest that which kings  
want in their royalties. Envy ouerlooketh thee, resting with  
the winds the Pine trees of Ida, when the Affrick shrubs  
waue not a leafe with the tempest. Thine eyes are bailde  
with content, that thou canst not gaze so high as ambition:  
and for loue: & with that in naming of loue, the shepheard  
fell into a great laughter. Loue Menaphon, why of all fol-  
lies that euer Poets fained, or men euer faulted with, this  
folish imagination of loue is the greatest: Venus sooth  
for her wanton escapes must be a goddesse, and her ballard  
a Deity: Cupid must be yong and euer a boy, to proue that  
loue is fond and witleffe: wings to make him inconstant, &  
arrows whereby to shew him fearefull: blind (or all were  
not worth a pin) to proue that Cupids leuell is both with-  
out ayme and reason: thus is the God, & such are his Glo-  
taries.

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taires. As soone as our shepheards of Arcadie settle themselves to fancy, and weare the characters of Venus stamp in their foreheads, straight their attire must be quaint, their looks full of amors, as their Gods quiver is full of arrowes their eyes holding smiles and teares, to leape out at their Mistris fauours or her frownes sighs must flie as figures of their thoughts and euery wrinkle must be tempered with a passion: thus suted in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repaire to take vickt of their Mistris beauty. She as one obseruant vnto Venus principles, first tieth loue in her tresses, and wraps affection in the tramells of her haire; snaring our swaines in her locks, as Mars in the net, holding in her forehead Fortunes Ballender, either to assigne dismall influence, or some fauourable aspect. If a wrinkle appeare in her brow, then our shepheard must put on his working day face, and frame nought but dolefull madrigals of sorrow, if a dimple grace her cheek, the heauens cannot proue fatal to our kind hearted louers; if the same coy, then poemes of death mounted vpon deepe drabone sighs flie from their maister to sue for some fauour, alleadging how death at the least may date his misery; to be brieft, as vppon the shoares of Lapanthe the windes continue neuer one day in one quarter, so the thoughtes of a louer neuer continue scarce a minute in one passion; but as Fortunes globe, so is Fancies case, variable and inconstant.

If louers sorowes then be like Sisyphus turmoiles, and their fauours like honny bought with gall; let poore Menaphon then line at laboz, and make esteeme of Venus as of Mars his concubine, and as the Cimbrians hold their idols in account but in euery tempest, so make Cupid a God, but when thou art ouer-pained with passions, and then Menaphon will neuer loue, for as long as thou temperest thy handes with labours, thou canst not fetter thy thoughts with loues. And in this Satyricall humour smiling at his owne conceits, he tooke his pipe in his hand,

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and betwene euery report of his instrument, sung a Stranzo to this effect.

### *Menaphons Song.*

Some say loue,  
Foolish loue,  
Doth rule and gouerne all the gods:  
I say loue,  
Inconstant loue,  
Sets mens senses farre at ods,  
Some sweare loue,  
Smoth'd face loue,  
Is sweetest sweet that men can haue:  
I say loue,  
Sower loue,  
Makes vertues yeeld as beauties slaue.  
A bitter sweet, a follie worst of all,  
That forceth wisdome to be follies thrall:  
Loue is sweet,  
Wherein sweet?  
In fading pleasures that doe faine:  
Beautie sweet,  
Is that sweete,  
That yeelds sorrow for a gaine?  
If loue's sweete  
Herein sweete,  
That minutes ioyes are monthly woes.  
Tis not sweete,  
That is sweet,  
No where, but where repentance growes.  
Then loue who list if beautie be so sower,  
Labour for me, loue rest in Princes bower.

Menaphon hauing ended his roundelay, rose vp, thinking to passe from the mountaine downe to the halley, casting his eye to the sea side, espied certaine fragments of a broken ship floating vpon the waues, and sundry persons driuen vpon the shore like a calme, walking all wet and weary

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wearie vpon the sands, wondring at this strange sight, hee stood amazed, yet desirous to see the event of this accident, hee shrowded himselfe to rest vnespied till hee might perceiue what would happen: at last hee might descrie it was a woman holding a childe in her armes, and an olde man directing her as it were her guide. These three (as distressed wretches) preserved by some further fore-appointing Fate, coueted to clime the Mountaine, the better to vse the fauour of the sunne, to drye their drenched apparrell, at last crawled vp where poore Menaphon lay close, and resting them vnder a bush, the old man did nothing but send out sighes, and the woman ceased not from streaming forth riuulets of teares, that hung on her cheekes like the droppes of pearled dew vpon the riches of Flora: The poore babe was the touch-stone of his mothers passions: for when hee smiled and lay laughing in her lap, were her heart neuer so deeply ouercharged with her present sorrowes: yet kissing the pretty infant, shee lightened out smiles from those cheekes that were furrowed with continuall sources of teares: but if hee cryed, then sighes as smokes, and sobs as thunder cracks, foreran those show-ers, that which redoubled distresse distilled from her eyes: thus with pretty inconstant passions trimming vp her baby and at last to lull him asleepe, shee warbled out of her woeful breast this dittie.

### *Sephestias song to her Child.*

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee,  
When thou art old, there's grieve enough for thee.

Mothers wagge, pretty boy,  
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy:  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,  
Hee was glad, I was woe,  
Fortune changde made him for  
When he had left his pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his ioy.

Weepe

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Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee;  
When thou art old there's griefe enough for thee.

Streaming teares that neuer flint,  
Like pearle drops from a flint,  
Fell by course from his eyes,  
That one anothers place supplies:  
Thus he griued in euery part,  
Teares of blood fell from his hart,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Fathers sorrow, Fathers ioy.

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee:  
When thou art old, there's griefe enough for thee.

The wanton smilde, father wept,  
Mother cryde, baby lept:  
More he crownde, more he cryde,  
Nature could not sorrow hide.  
He must goe, he must kisse,  
Childe and mother, baby blisse:  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee,  
When thou art old, there's griefe enough for thee.

With this lullaby the baby fell a sleepe, and Sephestia laying it vpon the graine grasse couered it with a mantle, and then leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow on her lap, she fell asresh to poure forth abundance of plaints, which Lamedon the old man espying, although in his face appeared the map of discontent, and in euery wrinkle was a catalogue of woes, yet to chere vp Sephestia, shewing his inward sorrow with an outward smile, he beganne to comfort her in this manner

Sephestia, thou seest no phisicke preuajles against the gaze of the Basiliskes, no charme against the sting of the Tarantula, no prevention to diuert the decrea of the Fates: nor no meanes to recall backe the balefull hurt of Fortune. Incurable sores are without Auicens Aphorismes, and there,

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therefore no salus for them but patience. When my Sephestia, sith thy fall is high, & fortune low; thy sorrow great, and thy hope little, seeing me partaker of thy miserie; set all upon this, *Solamen miserie socios habuisse doloris*. Chance is like Ianus, double faced, as well full of smiles to comfort, as of frownes to dismay: the Ocean at the deadeest ebbe returns to a full tide, when the Eagle means to soare highest he raiseth his flight in the lowest valleys: so saith it with fortune, who in her highest extreames is most inconstant: when the tempest of her wrath is most fearefull, then looke for a calme: when she beates thee with nettles, then thinke shee will stre to thee with roses: when shee is most familiar with furie, her intent is to be most prodigall, Sephestia. Thus are the arrowes of fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird Halcione, that changeth colour with the Moone, which howsoever shee shotes them, pierce not so deepe but they may be cured. But Sephestia, thou art daughter to a king, exiled by him from the hope of a crowne, banisht from the pleasures of the Court to the painefull fortunes of the country, parted for loue from him thou canst not but loue, from Maximus, Sephestia, who for thee hath suffered so many disauiours, as either discontent or death can afford. What of all this, is not hope the daughter of Time: Hume not skarres their fauourable aspects, as they haue froward opposition: Is there not a Iupiter as there is a Saturne? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus stretch as farre as the frowning constitution of Mars? I tell thee Sephestia, I haue foldeth in her bowes the bowlines of the destinies, whom melancholic Saturne deposeth from a Crowne, shee milkie ad uanceth to a Diademe: then feare not, for if the mother liue in miserie, yet hath shee a scepter for the sonne: let the unkindnes of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of Maximus be supplied with the presence of his pretty babe, who being so young for fortune, lies smiling on thy knee and laughes at Fortune: learne by him Sephestia to vse patience, which is like the balme in the vale of Sheolaphat, that findeth no wound so deepe,

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but it cureth: thou seest already Fortune begins to change her hiew, for after the great storme that pent our ship, we found a calme that brought us safe to shore; the mercie of Neptune was more then the enuie of Eolus and the disturbance of thy Father is proportioned with the fauour of the gods. Thus Sephelia, being copartner of thy miserie, yet doe I sake to allay thy martirdome: being sick to my selfe, yet doe I play the physician to thee; wishing thou maiest beare thy sorowes with as much content, as I brake my misfortunes with patience. As he was ready to go forward with his perswasive argument, Sephelia fetching a deepe sigh, filling her tender eyes with teares, made this reply.

Sweet Lamedon, once partner of my roialties, now partaker of my wants, as constant in his extreme distress, as faithfull in higher fortunes: the Turtle pearketh not on barren trees, Doves delight not in foule cottages, the Lion frequents no putrified haunts, friends follow not after powerty, nor hath smiller chance any dyngs from the Whittinis, *Nullus ad amissas abis amicus ope:* and yet Lamedon, the misfortune of Sephelia abridgeth not our old contracted amitie, thou temperest her exile with thy banishment, and she saying to Sciz, thou fittest ouer to Phlegeton: then Lamedon, saying as Andromache said to Hector, *To Dominum, in virginitate frater eris:* Thy aged yeres shall be the balender of my fortunes, and thy gray haire the parallels of mine actions. If Lamedon perswade Sephelia to content, Phecia shall not exceede Sephelia in patience: if he will her to keepe a lowe saide, she will vaile all her sheete: if to forget her loues, she will quench them with labours: if to accuse Venus as a foe, I will hate Cupid as an enemy: and seeing the destinies haue diuened her from a croone, I will rest satisfied with the country, placing al my delights in humping thee, and nursing by my pretie wanton. I will imagine a final cottage to be a spacious pallace, and think as great quiet in a russet coate, as in roiall habilliments: Sephelia, Lamedon will not scoorne with lund to turne her selfe into y<sup>e</sup> shape of Semeles nurse, but unknowne  
rest



rest careless of my fortunes: the hope of times returne shall be the end of my thoughts, the smiles of my son shall be the nourishment of my heart, and the course of his youth shall be the comfort of my yeares, euerie laughter that leapes from his lookes, shall be the holidaie of my conceites, and euerie teare shall furnish out my griefes; and his fathers funerals. I haue heard them say Lamedon, that the lowest shrubbes feele the least tempests, and in the valleys of Africa is heard no thunder, that in countie rimes is greatest rest, and in little wealth the least disquiet: dignitie treadeth vpon glasse, and honour is like vnto the herbe Sinara, that when it blometh most gorgeous, then it blisseth: *Amica uita splendida miseria*, Courtes haue golden dreames, but cottages sweete slumbers: then Lamedon, will I disguise my selfe, with my cloathes will I change my thoughts; for being poorly attired, I will be meanely minded, and measure my actions by my present estate, not by former fortunes. In saying this the babe awoke and cried, and she fell to teares mixed with a lullabie.

All this while Monaphon sat amongst the shrubs fixing his eyes on the glorious object of her face, he noted her tresses, which he compared to the coloured Hyacinth of Arcadia, her browes to the mountain snows that lies on the hills: her eyes to their glister of Titans gorgeous mantle, her alabaster necke to the whitenesse of his flockes, her teares to pearle, her face to borders of lillies interseamed with roses: to be briefe, our shepheard Monaphon that heretofore was an Atheist to lone, and as the Thessalian of Bacchus, so be a contemner of Venus, was now by the twillie shaft of Cupid so intangled in the perfection and beuteous excellencie of Sappho, as now he swore, no benigne Plannet but Venus, no God but Cupid, no exquisite dettie but a one. Being thus fettered with the pliant perswasions of fancie, impatient in his new affections, as the horse that neuer before felt the spur, he could not bide his new contained amoz, but watching when they should depart, perceiving by the gestures of the old man, and the teares of the Gentle

the woman; that they were distressed; thought to offer any help that lay within the compass of his abilitie. As thus he mused in his new passions, Lamedon and Sephestia rose up; and resolved to take course which waite the winde blew: passing so betwene the mountaine to goe sake out some towne, at last they passing softly on, Lamedon espied Menaphon: desirous therefore to knowe the course of the countie; he salutes him thus,

Shepheard, so farre thy attire warrants me: courteous, so; so much thy countenance imports: if distressed, persons whom Fortune hath wronged, and the seas haue fatiured; (if we may count it faine to live and want) may without offence come so farre a-bode, as to knowe some place where to rest our warlike and weather-beaten bones, our charges shall be paid; and you haue so; recompence such thanks as Fortunes outlaters may yeld to their fauourers. Menaphon hearing him speake so gracely, but not sitting his eare to his eye; stood staring still on Sephestias face, which she perceiving, dashed out such a blush from her alabaster cheekes, that they looke like the raddie gates of the morning: this sweet bashfullnesse amazing Menaphon, at last he began thus to discourse.

Strangers, your degree I knowe not, therefore pardon if I giue lesse title then your estates merite: fortunes fro wns are princes fortunes, and kings are subject to chance and destiny. What is to be valued with pittie, not scorn: and we that are fortunes daughters, are bound to relieve them that are distressed: therefore followe me; and you shall haue such succor; as a shepheard may afford. Lamedon and Sephestia were passing glad, and Menaphon led the way, not content onely to see his sight with the beautie of his new spouse; but thought also to infer some occasion of party, to heare whether her voice were as melodious as her face beautifull; he therefore presented his minde thus. Gentlewoman; when first I sawe you sitting upon the Arcadian promontorie with your babe on your lap, & this old father up, I thought I had some Venus with Cupid one her knee,

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courted by Anchises of Troy: the excellencie of your looks could discouer no lesse then Mars his paramour, and the beautie of the child as much as the dignitie of her wanton: at last perceiving by your teares & your childes shrikes, that y<sup>e</sup> were passengers distressed, I lent you sighes to partake your sorowes, and like warme drops, to signifie how I pitie over charged persons, in lieu whereof let me craue your name, countrie and parentage. Sephestia seeing by the shepherds passionate looks that the swaine was halfe in love, replied thus. Curteous shepherd, my blabbering chaffers did looke like Venus at a blush; it was when the wisefull goddess wept for her faire Adams: my boie is no Cupid, but the sonne of Care, Fortunes souldier in his youth to be (I hope) her darling in his age: in that your looks kild our griefe, and your thoughts pittied our toyes, our tongues shal give thanks (the bountie of sorowes tenants) and our hearts pray that the gods may be as friendly to your flockes, as you fauourable unto vs. My name is Samela, my countrie Cypres, my parentage meane, the wife of a poore Gentleman now deceased: how we arrived here by shipwracke, gentle shepherd inquire not, lest it be tedious for you to heare it, and a double griefe for us to rehearse it. The shepherd not daring displease his mistress, as halting looses threats hanging on her lips, he commated them home to his house: as soon as they were arrived there, he began at the doore to entertaine them thus. Shalry mistress, the flower of all our Simphons that lide here in Arcadia, this is my cottage wherein I live content, and your lodging, where (please it you) y<sup>e</sup> may rest quiet: I have no rich clothes of Egypt to cover the walles, nor store of plate to discover any wealth: for shepherds are neither to be wothed nor courted: you shal finde here chafe and milk for bainties, and woad for dyeing, in every corner of the house Content sitting smiling and tempering euery homely thing with a welcom: this if ye can brooke and accept of (as gods allow the meanest hospitality) ye shall have such victuall and fare as Philemon and Baucis gaue to Iupiter. Sephestia thank him heartely,

and going into his house found what he promised: after that they had sate a little by the fire and were wel warmed, they went to supper, where Sephestia fed wel, as one whome the sea had made hungrie, & Lamedon so plied his teth, that at supper he spake not one word: after they had taken their repast, Menaphon seeing they were wearie, and that sleepe chined on to the rest, let them see their lodging, and so gane them the good night. Lamedon on his flock bed, and Sephestia on her countrie couch, were so wearie, that they slept well: but Menaphon, more Menaphon, neither asked his swains for his sheep: nor took his mole-spade on his necke to see his pastures: but as a man pained with a thousand passions, drenched in distresse, & overwhelmed with a multitude of uncought cares, he sate like the pictures that Perseus turned with his gorgons head into stones. His sister Carmela kept his house, (for so was the countrie wench called) & she seeing her brother sit so mal-contented, stept to her cupboard & fetcht a little beaten spice in an old bladder, she spared no euening milk, but went amongst the cream holles, and made him a posset. But alas, loue had so locked by the shepheards stomach, that none would do woe with Menaphon: Carmela seeing her brother refuse his spiced drinke, thought al was not well, and therfore sat down and wept: to be short, she blubbered, and he sighed and his men that came in and saw their maister with a kercher on his head, mourned: so that amongst these swaines there was such melodie, that Menaphon took his bow and arrowes, and went to bed: where casting himselfe he thought to haue beguiled his passions with some swete slumbers: but loue that smiled at his new entertained champion, sitting on his beds head, pricked him forward with new desires, charging Morpheus, Phobetor, and Icolon the Gods of sleepe, to present vnto his closed eyes the singular beantie and rare perfections of Samela: (for so will we now call her) in that the Idea of her excellence forced him to breathe out scalding sighes smothered within the furnace of his thoughts, which grew into this or the like passion.

## Greenes Areadia.

I had thought Menaphon, that he which weareth the bay  
 leafe had bin free from lightning, and the Eagles pen a pre-  
 seruatiue against thunder, that labour had bene enemy to  
 loue, and the escheuwing of idleness an Antidote against fan-  
 cie: but I see by proofe there is no adamant so hard, but the  
 blood of a goate will make soft: no fort so wel defended, but  
 strong battery will enter, nor any hart so pliant to restlesse  
 labours, but enchantments of loue will overcome. Unfor-  
 tunate Menaphon, that of late thoughtest Venus a strumpet,  
 and her sonne a bastard: now must thou offer intent at her  
 shine, and sweare Cupid no less then a god: thou hast reas-  
 Menaphon, for he that liues without loue, liues without  
 life, presuming as Narcissus to hate all, and being like him,  
 at length despised of all. Can there be a swifter blisse then  
 beautie, a greater heauen then her heavenly perfections  
 that is mistris of thy thoughts: If the sparke of her eyes  
 appeare in the night, the starres blush at her brightnesse:  
 if her haire glister in the day, Phoebus puts off his wreath  
 of diamonds, as overcome with the shine of her tresses: if  
 she walke in the fields, Flora seeing her face, bids her all glo-  
 rious flowers close themselves, as being by her beauty dis-  
 graced: if her alablaster necke appeare, then Hyacinthe coue-  
 reth his snow, as surpassed in whitenesse: to be short, Me-  
 naphon, if Samel had appeared in Ida, Iunoe for matellicke,  
 Pallas for wisdom, and Venus for beauty had let inq Satiela  
 haue the supremacy: why shouldst thou not then loue,  
 and thinke there is no life to loue, seeing the end of louis is  
 the possession of such a heavenly paragon? but what of this  
 Menaphon? hast thou any hope to inioy her person, she is  
 a widow, true, but too high for thy fortunes: she is in dis-  
 tresse, Ah Menaphon if thou hast any sparke of comfort,  
 this must set thy hope on fire: want is the load-stone of af-  
 fection, distresse forceth deeper then fortunes frownes, and  
 such as are poore wil rather loue then want reliefe: fortunes  
 frownes are whettstones to fancie, and as the horse starteth  
 at the spur, so loue is pricked forward with distresse. Sa-  
 mela is shipwacked, Menaphon releues her: shee wants,  
 hee

## Groenes Arcadia.

he supplies with wealth, he sues for loue, either must hee grant, or buy deniall with perpetuall repentance. In this hope rested the poore shepheard: and with that Menaphon laid his head downe on the pillow, and toke a sound nap, sleeping out faurie with a good slumber.

As soone as the sun appeared, the shepheard got him vp and fed sat with this hope, went merrily with his men to the folds, and there letting forth his sheep, after that he had appointed where they should graze, returned home, & lo-  
king when his guests should rise, having slept il the last night went roundly to his breakfast: by that time he had ended his *desire*. Lamedon was gotten vp, and so was Samela. Against their rising Carnela had shewne her cookerie, and Menaphon bread in his cusset Jacket, his redde sleeves of chaumlet, his blacke bonnet, & his round slaps of country cloth, bestyered him, as euery topot had bene set to a sundry of-  
fice. Samela no sooner came out of her chamber, but Menaphon as one that claimed pittie for his passions, bad her god morrow with a firme louers look: Samela knowing the soule by the feather, was able to call his disease without his water, perswaded that Cupid had caught the poore shep-  
heard in his net, and tinstle he sought quickly to breake out of the snare, would make him a tame fole: faire looks shee gaue him, and with a smiling sorrow discovered how shee grieved at his misfortune, & yet fauored him: well to break-  
fast they went, Lamedon and Samela fed hard, but Menaphon like the Argiue in the date gardens of Arabia, lined with the contemplation of his mistris beauty: the Salamander liues not without fire, the Herring from the water, the Mole from the earth, nor the Cameleon from the aire: nor could Menaphon liue but in sight of his Samela, whose breath was perfumed aire, whose eyes were fire wherein he delighted to dally, whose heart the earthly paradise, wherein he desired to ingrasse the essence of his loue and affection: thus did the poore shepheard bathe in a kind of blisse, while his eye feeding on his mistris face, surfeited with the excel-  
lencie of her perfection. So long he gazed, that at length  
break

## Greenes Arcadia.

breakfast was ended, and he desirous to do her any service, first put her childe to nurse, and then led her forth to see his folds: thinking with the sight of his flocks to unueigle her, whose minde had rather haue chosen any misfortune, then haue deigned her eyes on the face and feature of so low a peasant. Well, abroad they went, Menaphon with his Shep-hooke fringed with crewell, to signifie he was chiefe of the Swaines, Lamedon and Samela after: plodding thus ouer the gréene fields, at last they came to the mountaines where Menaphons flocks grazed and there he discoursed to Samela thus. I tell thee faire Pimph, these plaines that thou seest stretching Southward, are pastures belonging to Menaphon: there growes the Cinqfoile, and the Viacinch, the Cowslip, the primrose, and the violet, which my flocks shall spare for flowers to make thee garlands, the milke of my Ewes, shall be meate for my pretty wanton, the wool of the fat weathers, that seeme as fine as the fleece that Iason set from Colchos, shall serue to make Samela webs withall, the mountaine tops shall be thy morning walke, and the shade ballies thy euening arbour, as much as Menaphon owes, shall be at Samelaes command, if she like to liue with Menaphon. This was spoken with such dépe affects, that Samela could scarce keepe her from smiling: yet she couered her conceit with a sorrowfull countenance, which Menaphon espying, to make her merry, and rather for his owne aduantage, seeing Lamedon was asleepe, tooke her by the hand, and late downe, and pulling forth his pipe, began after some melodie to carroll out this roundelay.

### *Menaphons roundelay.*

When tender ewes brought home with Euening Sunne,  
Wend to their folds,  
And to their holds,  
The shepheards trudge when light of day is done.  
Vpon a tree,  
The Eagle *Ioues* faire bird did perch,  
There resteth he;



## Creenes Arcadia.

A little flye I harbour then did search,  
And did presume (though others laught thereat)  
To pearch whereas the princely Eagle fate.

The Eagle frownde and shooke his royall wings,  
And charg'de the Flie,  
From thence to hie:  
Afraide in hast the little creature flings,  
Yet seekes againe;  
Fearefull to pearke him by the Eagles side,  
With moody vaine,  
The speedy post of *Janimed* replide:  
Vassaile auant, or with my wings you die,  
Ist fit an Eagle seate him with a flie?

The flie craued pittie, still the Eagle frownde;  
The seely flie,  
Ready to die,  
Disgracde, displacde, fell g roueling to the ground;  
The Eagle saw  
And with a royall minde said to the flie,  
Be not in awe,  
I scorne by me the meanest creature die:  
Then seate thee here: the ioyfull flie vp flings,  
And fate safe shadowed with the Eagles wings.

As sone as Menaphon had ended this roundelay, turning to Samela, after a country blush, he began to court her in this homely fashion: what thinke you Samela of the Eagle for this royall dede: that he falsified the old prouerb, *Aquila non capit muscas*. But I meane Samela, are you not in opinion, that the Eagle giues instance of a princely resolution, in preferring the safety of a flie before the credit of her royall maiesty: I thinke Menaphon that his minds are the shelters of pouerty, & kings seates are couerts for distressed persons, that the Eagle in shrowding the flie did well, but a little forgot her honor. But how thinke you saide Samela, is this proportion to be obserued in loue? I gesse no, for the flie did



did it not for loue, but for succour. Hath loue then respect of circumstance: els it is not loue, but lust; for wher the parties haue no sympathy of estates, there can no firme loue be fir: discord is reputed the mother of diuision, as in nature this is an vnrefuted principle that it faulteth which faileth in vniformity. Hee that grafts Illiflowers vpon the Rettle, marreth the smel, who couets to tie the lamb and the lion in one tedder, makes a bzaule: equall fortunes, are loues fauorites, and therefore should fancy be alwaies limited by Geometricall proportion, lest if yong matching with old, fire and frost fall at a combate, and if rich with poore, there hap many dangerous and brauing obiections, Menaphon halfe nipped in the pate with this reply, yet like a tall souldier stood to his tackling and made this answer: suppose gentle Samela, that a man of meane estate, whom disdainfull fortune had abased, in tending to make her power prodigall in his misfortunes, being feathered with Cupids bolt, were snared in the beauty of a queene, should he rather die then discouer his amors? If queenes (quoth she) were of my mind, I had rather die, then perish in baser fortunes. Venus loued Vulcan, replied Menaphon: truth quoth Samela, but though he was post-soted, yet he was a god. Phano inioyed Sapho, he a ferriman that liued by his hands thurst, shee a princesse that sate inuested with a diadem. The more fortunate qd. Samela was he in his honors, and shee the lesse famous in her honesty. To leaue these instances, replied Menaphon (for loue had made him hardy) I sweet Samela infer these presupposed premises, to discouer the basenesse of my mean birth, and yet the deepnesse of my affection who euer since I saw the brightnesse of your perfection shining vpon the mountaines of Arcady, like the glister of the sun vpon the topleste promontory of Sicilia, was so snared with your beauty, & so inueigled with the excellence of that perfection that exceeds all excellency, that loue entring my desire, hath maintained himselfe by force, that vnlesse swete Samela grant me fauor of her loue, & play the princely Eagle, I shall with the poore sis perish in my fortunes: he concluded

## Greene's Arcadia

ded this period with a deepe sigh, and Samela grieuing at this folly of the shepheard, gaue him mildely this answer.

Menaphon, my distressed haps are the resolution of the destinies, and the wrongs of my youth are the forerunners of my woes in age, my native home is my worst nursery, & my friends deny that which strangers preiudicially grant: I arriued in Arcadie shipwackt, and Menaphon fanozing my sorrowes hath afforwed me succours, for which Samela rests bound, and will proue thankfull: as for loue, know that Venus standeth on the tortois, as shewing that loue creepeth on by degrees, that affection is like the snail, that steales to the top of the launce by minutes: the grasse hath his increase, yet neuer any sees it augment, the sun shadoweth, but the motion, is not seene, loue like those should enter into the eye, and by long gradations passe into the heart: Cupid hath wings to flie, not that loue should be swift, but that he may saare hie to auoyd base thoughts. The Topace being throwne into the fire burnes strait, but no soner out of the flame but it fræzeth: straw is sone kindled, but it is but a blaze: and loue that is caught in a moment, is lost in a minute: giue me leaue Menaphon, first to sorrowe for my fortunes; then to call to mind my husbands late funeralls; then if the fates haue assigned I shall fancy, I will account of the before any shepheard in Arcady. This conclusion of Samela dzelue Menaphon into such an extasie for ioy, that he stode as a man metamorphozed, at last, calling his senses together, he told her he rested satisfied with her answer, and thereupon lent her a kisse; such as blushing Thetis receines from her choicest leman. At this Lamedon awaked; otherwise, no doubt, Menaphon had replied, but breaking off their talke they went to view their pastures; & so passing downe to the place where the shep grazed, they searched the shepherds bags, & so emptied their bottles, as Samela marvelled at such an vncomly banquet: at last they returned home, Menaphon glozving in the hope of his successe, entertaining Samela still w<sup>th</sup> such curtesy, that the finding such content in the cottage, began to despise the honors of the court.

Resting

## Greenes Arcadia.

Keeping thus in house with the shepheard, to auoid to  
 diuous conceits shee framed her selfe so to countrie labours,  
 that shee oft times would leade the flockes to the fields her  
 selfe, and being drest in homely attire, shee seemed like Oc-  
 none that was amorous of Paris. As shee thus often traced  
 amongst the plaines, she was notest amongst the shepheards  
 of one Doron next neighbour to Menaphon, who entred  
 into the consideration of her beauty, and made report of it  
 to all his fellow swaines, so that they chatted nought in  
 the fields but of the new shepheardesse. One day amongst  
 the rest, it chaunced that Doron sitting in parley with an-  
 other country companion of his; amidst other tattle, they  
 prattled of the beautie of Samela. Hast thou seene her quoth  
 Melicertus, (for so was his friend called) I quoth Doron,  
 and sighed to see her, not that I was in loue; but that I gre-  
 ued shee should bee in loue with such a one as Menaphon.  
 What manner of woman is shee quoth Melicertus? As well  
 as I can, answered Doron, I will make description of her..

*Dorons description of Samela.*

Like to *Diana* in her summer weede,  
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die,  
goes faire *Samela*.

Whiter then be the flocks that stragling feede;  
When washt by *Arethusa* faint they lie:  
is faire *Samela*

As faire *Aurora* in her morning graie,  
Deckt with the rudely glitter of her loue:  
is faire *Samela*.

Like lovely *Thetis* on a calmed day,  
When as her brightnesse *Neptunes* fancy moves:  
Shines faire *Samela*.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,  
Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are ivory,  
of faire *Samela*:

Her cheekes like rose and lilly yeeld forth gleames,  
Her browes bright arches framde of ebony:  
thus faire *Samela*.

## Greene's Arcadia.

Passeth faire *Venus* in her brauest hiew,  
And *Iuno* in the shew of maicstie,

for the's *Samela*.

*Pallas* in wit : all three if you well view,

For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignity,

yield to *Samela*.

Thou hast (quoth Melicertus) made such a description, as if Priamus yong boy should paint out the perfectiō of his Breikith Paramour. He thinks the Idea of her person represents it selfe an obiect to my fantasie, and that I see in the discoverie of her excellence, the rare beauties of: and with that he broke off abruptly with such a deep sigh as it seemed his hart should haue broken, sitting as the Lapithes when they gazed on Medusa. Doron maruelling at this sodaine went, was halfe afraid, as if some apopley had astonied his senses, so that chëring by his friend, he demanded what the cause was of this sodaine conceit. Melicertus no nigard in discovery of his fortunes, began thus: I tell thee Doron, before I kept shepe in Arcady, I was a shepheard elswhere, so famous for my flockes, as Menaphon for his foldes; beloued of the Pimphes, as hee likt of the Country Damselfs; coueting in my loues to vse Cupids wings, to soare high in my desires, though my selfe were bozne to base fortunes. The hobby catcheth no prey, vlesse she mount beyond her marke, the palme tree beareth most holues where it groweth highest, and loue is most fortunate where his courage is resolute, and thought beyond his compasse. Grounding therefore on these principles, I first mine eyes on a Pimph, whose parentage was great, but her beauty far more excellent: her birth was by many degrees greater then mine, and my worth by many discentes lesse then hers: yet knowing Venus loued Adonis; and Luina Endymion, that Cupid had boltes feathered with the plumes of a Crowe, as well as with the pennies of an Eagle, I attempted; and courted her, I found her looks lighting disdain, and her forehead to containe fauours for others.

Greene's Arcadia.

thers, and frownes for me: when I alleaged faith, she crosse  
me with *Aeneas*, when loyalty, she told me of *Iason*: when  
I swore constancie, she questioned me of *Demophon*,  
when I craved a small resolution to my fatall passions, she  
fild her browes full of wrinkles, and her eyes full of furie,  
turned her back, and shooke me off with a *Non placet*. Thus  
in loves I lost loves, and for her love had lost all, had I not  
when I nere despaiied the clemencie of some courteous  
starre, or rather the very excellence of some *Spitris* fauours  
salued my halfe despairing maladie: for she seeing that I  
held a superstitious opinion of love, in honouring him for  
a Deitie, not in counting him a vaine conceit of Poetrie,  
that I thought it sacriledge to wrong my desires, and the  
basest fortune to inhaunce my fortune by falling my loves  
to a woman, she left from being so rammage, and gently  
came to the first, and granted me those fauours she might  
afford or my thoughts desire: with this he ceased and fell a  
gaine to his sighes, which *Doron* noting, answered thus.  
If (my god *Melicertus*) thou didst enioy thy loves, what  
is the occasion thou beginnest with sighs, and endest with  
passions: Ah *Doron* there ends my loves, for no sooner had  
I triumpht in my fauours, but the trophies of my fortunes  
fell like the hearbs in *Syria*, that flourish in the moone,  
and fade before night: or like vnto the flie *Tyryma*, that  
taketh life, and leaueth it all in one day. So (my *Doron*) did  
it fare with me, for I had no sooner enioy'd my love, but  
the heauens (envious a shepheard should haue the fruition  
of such a heavenly paragon) sent vnrrenocable Fates to de-  
prive me of her life, and she is dead: Dead *Doron*, to her,  
to my selfe, to all, but not to my memory, for so deepe were  
the characters stamped in my inward senses, that obliuion  
can neuer race out the forme of her excellence. And with  
that he startt vp, seeking to fall out of those dumps with  
mellicke, (for he played on his pipe certaine sonnets he had  
contrinued in praise of the country wenches) but plaine *Do-  
ron* as plain as a packstaffe, desired him to sound a rounde  
lay, & he would sing a song, which he carolled to this effect.

*Dorons*

Greenes Arcadia:

*Dorons Tigge.*

Through the shrubs as I can cracke,  
For my Lambes pretty ones,  
Mongst many little ones,  
Nimphes I meane, whose haire was blacke,  
As the Crow  
Like the snow.

Her face and browes shine I weene,  
I saw a little one,  
A bonny pretty one,  
As bright, buxome, and as sheene,  
As was she  
On her knee,

That lulled the God, whose arrowes warms  
Such merry little ones,  
Such faire fac'd pretty ones,  
As dally in loues chiefest harmes:  
Such was mine,  
Whose gray cyne,

Made me loue. I gan to woo,  
This sweete little one  
This bonny pretty one,  
I wooed hard a day or two,  
Till she bad,  
Be not sad,

Wooe no more, I am thine owne,  
thy dearest little one,  
Thy truest pretty one:  
Thus was faith and firme loue showne,  
As behoues,  
Shepherds loues.

How like you this dittie of mine owne deuising, quoth  
Doron? As well as my musicke, replied Melicertus; for if  
Pan and I strue, Midas being Iudge, and should hap to  
gine me the garland, I doubt not but his Asles eares should  
be doubled: but Doron, so long we dispute of loue, and for  
get

## Greenes Arcadia.

get our labors, that both our stocks shall be vnfolded, and to morrowe our merry meeting hindred. Thats true quoth Doron, for there will be all the shepheards daughters and countrie damfels, and amongst them feare not but Menaphon will bright his faire sheheardesse, there Melicertus shalt thou see her that wil amate all our modes, and amaze thee, and therefore good Melicertus let vs bee going. With this prattle away they went to their folds, where we leaue them, & returne to Menaphon, who triumphing in the hope of his new loues, caused Samela to trick her vp in her country attire, and make her selfe braue against the meeting: she then thought, to be coy, were to discouer her thoughts, drest her selfe vp in Carmelas russet cassocke, and that so quaintly, as if Venus in a countrie petticoate had thoughte to wanton it with her louely Adonis. The morrowe came, & alwaie they went, but Lamedon was left behind to keepe the house. At the houre appointed, Menaphon, Carmela, and Samela came, when all the rest were ready to make merry. As soone as word was brought, that Menaphon came with his new mistris, al the company began to murmure, and euery man to prepare his eye for so miraculous an object: but Pefana a heardsmans daughter of the same parish, that long had loued Menaphon, & hee had filled her browes with frownes, her eyes with furie, and her heart with grieve; yet couding in so open an assemblie, as well as shee could to hide a pad in the straw, she expected (as others did) the arriual of her new coriuall: who at that instant came with Menaphon into the house. No sooner was she entred into the parlour, but her eyes gaue such a shine, and her face such a brightnesse, that they stood gazing on this goddesse; and shee vnacquainted, seeing her selfe among so many vnknotone swaines, died her cheekes with such a vermilion blush, that the countrie maides themselves fell in loue with this faire Nimph, and could not blame Menaphon for being ouer the shoes with such a beautifull creature. Doron iogged Melicertus on the elbow, and so awakt him out of a dreame: for he was deeply drownded, in the contemplation of her excellency



## Greenes Arcadia.

cellency: sending out volies of sighes in remembrance of his old loue: as thus he sate meditating on her fauour, how much she resembled her that death had deppriued him of: wel, her welcome was great of al the company, and for that she was a stranger, they graced her to make her the mistris of the feast. Menaphon seeing Samela thus honoured, conceiued no small content in the aduancing of his mistris, being passing iocund and pleasant with the rest of the companie, insomuch that euery one perceiued how the poore swaine fed vpon the dignities of his mistris graces. Pesana noting this, beganne to lothe: and Carmela winking vpon her fellowes, answered her frownes with a smile, which doubled her grieffe; for womens paines are more pinching if they be girted with a frumpe, then if they be galled with a mischiefe. Whiles thus there was banding of such looks, as euery one imported as much as an *impreso*, Samela willing to see the fashion of these country yong frowes, cast her eyes abroad, and in biewing euery face, at last her eyes glanced on the lookes of Melicertus; whose countenance resembled so vnto her dead Lord, that as a woman astounded she stood staring on his face, but ashamed to gaze vpon a stranger, she made restraint of her looks, and so taking her eye from her particular obiect, she sent it abroad to make generall suruey of their country demeanours. But amidst all this gazing, he that had seene poore Menaphon, how infected with a iealous fury, hee stared each man in the face, fearing their eyes should see or surfet on his mistresse beautie: if they glaunced, he thought strait they would be riuals in his loues, if they flatly lookt, then they were depely snared in affection, if they once smilde on her, they had receiued some glance from Samela that made them so malapert; if she laught, she likt, and at that he began to frowne: thus sate poore Menaphon all dinner while pained with a thousand iealous passions, keeping his teath gardeners of his stomacke, and his eyes watchmen of his loues: but Melicertus halfe impatient of his new conceiued thoughtis, determined to try how the damsell was brought vp, and whether

## Grenes Arcadia.

whether shee was as wise, as beautifull, hee therefore began to breake silence thus.

The Orgies which the Bacchanals kept in Thessalie, the feasts which the melancholie Saturnists founded in Danubie, were neuer so quailed with silence, but on their festiual daies they did scollike amongst themselves with many pleasant parties: were it not a shame then that we of Arcadie, famous for the beauty of our Pimpheas, and the amorous roundelaites of our shepheards, should disgrace Pans holiday with such melancholy dumps: courteous country swaines shake off this sobriety; and seeing we haue in our company damfels both beautifull and wise, let vs entertaine them with prattle to try our witts, and tire our time: to this they all agreed with a Plaudite. Then quoth Melicertus: by your leaue, since I was first in motion, I will bee first in question, and therefore new come shepheardesse first to you: at this Samela blusht, and he began thus.

Faire Damsell, when Nereus chatted with Iuno, he had pardon, in that his prattle came more to pleasure the goddesse, then to ratifie his owne presumption; if I mistris bee ouerbold, forgive me: I request not to offend, but to set time free from tediousnesse. Then gentle shepheardesse tell me, if you should be transformed through the anger of the gods, into some shape, what creature would you wish to bee in forme? Samela blushing that shee was the first that was wounded, yet gathered by her crums, and desirous to shew her pregnant wit, (as the wisest women bee euer tickled with selfeloue) made him this answer.

Gentle shepheard, it fits not strangers to bee nice, nor maidens to cov: least the one solee the weight of a scoffe, the other the fall of a frumpe: pithie questions are mindes whetstones, and by discoursing in iest, many doubts are deciphered in earnest: therefore you haue fore stalled mee in crauing pardon, when you haue no neede to solee any graunt of pardon. Therefore thus to your question. Daphne I remember was turned to a bay tree, Niobe to a flint, Lampetia and her sisters to flowers, and sundrie,

## Greenes Arcadia.

Virgins to sundry shapes according to their merits ; but if my wish might serue for a Metamorphosis , I would bee turned into a sheepe. A sheepe, and why so mistris ? I reason thus, quoth Samela , my supposition should bee simple , my life quiet , my soote the pleasant plaines of Arcadie, and the wealthy riches of Flora , my drinke the cole streames that flow from the concaue Promontory of this continent , my aire should be clere, my walkes spacious, my thoughts at ease, and can there bee (shepheard) any better premisses to conclude my reply then these ? But haue you no other allegations to confirme your resolution ? Yes sir quoth shee, and farre greater. Then the law of our first motion , quoth he , commaunds you to repeat them . Far bee it, answered Samela that I should not doe of free will any thing that this pleasant company commaunds : therefore thus ; were I a sheepe , I should bee guarded from the foldes with tolly Swaines , such as was Lunas Loue on the hilles of Lamos ; their pipes sounding like the melody of Mercurie , when he luld asleepe Argus : but more , when the damfels tracing along the Plaines , should with their eyes like Sun bright beames , draw on lokes to gaze on such sparkling Planets : then weary with soode, should I lie and loke on their beauties , as on the spotted wealth of the richest Firmament , I should listen to their swete laies , more swete then the sea-bozue Syrens : thus feeding on the delicacie of their features , I should like the Tyrian heifer fall in loue with Agenors darling . I but , quoth Melicertus , those faire faced damfels oft draw forth the kindest sheepe to the Gambles . And what of that sir , answered Samela , would not a sheepe so long fed with beautie , die for loue. If she die (quoth Pelana) there is more kindnesse in beastes then constancy in men: for they die for loue, when larkes die with larkes. If they be so wise quoth Menaphon , they shew but their mothers wits, for what sparks they haue of inconstancy, they drawe from their female fosterers , as the Sea doth ebbes and tides from the Mone. So be it sir , answered Pelana ; then no doubt your mother was made of a wea-thercocke

thercock, that brought forth such a wauering companion: for you M. Menaphon measure your looks by minutes, and your loues are like lightning, which no sooner flash on the eye, but they vanish. It is then quoth Menaphon because mine eye is a foolish iudge, and chuseth too basely: which when my hart censures of, it casts away as refuse. It were best then, saide Pefana, to discharge such vnjust iudges of their seates, & to set your eares hearers of your loue pleas: If they fault quoth Melicertus, euery market Towne hath a remedie, or els there is neuer a baker nere by vij. miles. Stay curious shepheards quoth Samela, these tests are to broade before, they are cynicall like Diogenes quips, that had larg feathers and sharpe heads: it little fits in this company to bandy tants of loue, seeing you are vnwedded, and these all maidens addicted to chastity. You speake well as a patronesse of our credite quoth Pefana, for indeede we be virgins, and addicted to virginitie. Now quoth Menaphon that you haue got a virgin in your mouth, you will neuer leaue chanting the worde, till you proue your selfe either a Westfall or a Sibill. Suppose she were a Westfall quoth Melicertus, I had almost sayd a virgin (but God forbid I had made such a doubtfull supposition) shee might carie water with Amulia in a fine: for amongst all the rest of virgins we reade of none but her that wrought such a miracle. Pefana hearing how pleasantly Melicertus plaide with her nose, thought to giue him a great bone to gnaw vpon, which shee cast in his teeth thus brieslie. I remember sir, that Epicurus measured euerie mans diet by his owne principles: Apradas the great Macedonian pirat, thought euerie one had a letter of mart that sailes in the Ocean: none came to knocke at Diogenes tubbe but was supposed a Cynick, and fancie of late hath so tied you to his vanities, that you will thinke Vesta a flat figured conceite of poetrie. Samela perceiuing these blows would grow to deepe wounds, brake off their talke with this pretty digression: Gentlemen to end this strife, I pray you let vs heare the opinion of Doron, for all this while neither hee nor Carmela haue vt-

## Greenes Arcadia.

tered one word, but late as censors at our pleas: fwere necessary he told vs how his heart came thus on his halfe penny. Doron hearing Samela thus pleasant, made presently this blunt reply: I was (faire mistress) in solemne doubt with my selfe, whether in being a sheepe, you would bee a ram or an ewe? An ewe no doubt, quoth Samela, for hornes are the heaviest burthen that the head can beare. As Doron was ready to reply, came in suddenly to this parly soure or five old shepheards: who broke off their prattle, that from chat they fell to drinking: and so after some parley of their flockes, euery one departed to their owne home where they talked of the requisite perfection of Samela, especially Melicertus, who gotten to his owne cottage, and lien downe in his couch by himselfe, beganne to ruminate on Samelaes shape.

Ah Melicertus, what an object fortune this daie brought to thy eyes, presenting a strange Idæa to thy sight, as appeared to Achilles of his dead friend Patroclus, tresses of gold like the trammels of Sephestiaes lockes, a face fairer then Venus, such was Sephestia; her eye paints her out Sephestia, her voice sounds her out Sephestia, shee seemeth none but Sephestia: but seeing shee is dead, and there liues not such another Sephestia, sue to her and loue her, for that it is either a selfe same or another Sephestia. In this hope Melicertus fell to his slumber, but Samela was not content: for shee beganne thus to muse with her selfe: May this Melicertus be a shepheard: or can a countrie cottage afford such perfection: both this coast bring forth such excellency? then happy are the virgins that shall haue such sisters, and the winers such pleasing husbands: but his face is not in charade with any rustike proportion, his browes containe the characters of nobility, and his looks in shepheards weed are lordly, his voice pleasing, his wit full of gentrie: weigh all these equally, and consider Samela, is it not thy Maximus? Fond fool, away with these suppositions; could the dreaming of Andromache call Hector from his graue? or can the vision of my husband raise him from the seas?

Tutt

## Greenes Arcadia.

Tush, scoope not to such vanities : he is dead, and therfoze grieue not thy memory with the imagination of his rewe reuue, for there hath bene but one Hippolitus found to bee Virbius, twice a man : to salue Samela then this suppose, if they court thee with hyacinth, entertaine them with roses : if he send thee a lambe, present him a ewe : if hee wooe, bee wooed, and soz no other reason, but, he is like Maximus. Thus hee rested, and thus thee slept, all parties being equally content and satisfied with hope except Pesana, who fettered with the feature of her best beloued Menaphon, late cursing Cupid as a partiall deitie, that would make more daylight in the firmament then one Sonne, more raine bowes in the heauen than one Iris, and more loues in one hart than one settled passion : many prayers shee made to Venus soz reuenge, many belwes to Cupid, many orizons to Himeneus, if shee might possesse the tipe of her desires. Wel poze soule, howsoeuer shee was pained, shee smothered all with patience, and thought to bzaue loue with sauing not to loue : and thus shee daily droue out the time with labour and looking to her heard, hearing euery day by Doron who was her kinsman, what successe Menaphon had in his loues. Thus fates and fortunes dallying a doleful catastrophe to make a more pleasing Epitazis, it fell out amongst them thus. Melicertus going to the fields, as he was wont to do with his flocks, droue to graze as nere the swaines of Menaphon as he might, to haue view of his new entertained mistresse : who according to his expectation came thither euery day. Melicertus examining her to be some Farmers daughter at the most, could not tell how to court her : yet at length calling to remembrance her rare wit discovered in their last discourses, finding opportunity to giue her both bal and racket, seeing the coast was cleare, and that none but Samela and he were in the field, he left his flocke in the valley, and slept vnto her and saluted her thus.

Mistress of al eyes that glance but at the excellence of your perfection, soueraigne of all such as Venus hath allowed soz louers, Oenones ouer match, Arcadies comet, beauties second

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cond comfort, all haile: seeing you sit like Iuno when she first  
 watcht her white heifer on the Lincen downes, as bright as  
 siluer Phoebe mounted on the hie top of the ruddy element,  
 I was by a strange attractive force drawn, as the adamant  
 drawes the yron, or the Zeat the straw, to visite your sweet  
 selfe in the shade, and affoord you such company as a poore  
 swaine may yeeld without offence, which if you shall vouch  
 to deigne of, I shall be as glad of such accepted service, as  
 Paris was first of his best beloued paramour. Samela looking  
 vpon the shepherds face, and seeing his utterance full of bro-  
 ken sighs, thought to be pleasant with her shepherd thus:  
 Arcadies Apollo, whose brightnes drawes euery eye to turne  
 as the Heliotropion doth after her load, fairest of shepherds  
 the nimphs sweetest obiect, womens wrong, in wronging  
 many with ones due, welcome, & so welcome, as we vouch-  
 safe of your service, admit of your company, as of him that  
 is the grace of all companies: and if we durst vpon any light  
 pardon, wold venter to request you to shew vs a cast of your  
 running. Samela made this reply, because she heard him so  
 superfine, as if Ephebus had learned him to refine his mo-  
 thers song, wherefore though he had done it of an inkeborne  
 desire to be eloquent: and Melicertus thinking Samela had  
 learned with Lucilla in Athens, to anatomize wit, and speak  
 none but *similes*, imagined shee smothered her talke to bee  
 thought like Sapho, Phaos paramour: thus deceiued either in  
 others suppositions, Samela followed her sute thus. I know  
 Priamus wanton could not be without flocks of nimphs to  
 follow him in the vale of Ida, beauty hath legions to attend  
 her excellency: if the shepherd be true: if like Narcissus you  
 wrap not your face in the cloud of disdaine, you cannot but  
 haue some rare paragon to your mistresse, whom I would  
 haue you in some Sonnet describe as loues last lone, if loue  
 could get from Iuno: my pipe shal presume, and I aduenture  
 with my voyce to set out my mistresses fauor for your excel-  
 lence to censure of, and therefore thus: yet Melicertus for that  
 he had a further reach, would not make any clownish des-  
 cription, chanted it thus cunningly.

*Mes*



## Greenes Arcadia.

### *Melicertus description of his Mistresse.*

Tune on my Pipe, the prayles of my loue,  
And midst thy Oaten harmonie recount  
How faire she is that makes thy musicke mount,  
And euery string of thy hearts harpe to moue,  
Shall I compare her forme vnto the Spheare,  
Whence Sun-bright *Venus* vaunts her siluer shine?  
Ah, more then that by iust compare is thine  
Whose Crisfall lookes the cloudy heauens do cleare.

How oft haue I descending *Titan* scene,  
His burning locks couch in the sea-Queenes lap,  
And beautilous *Thetis* his red body wrap,  
In watry robes, as he her Lord had beene?

When as my Nymph impatient of the night,  
Bade bright *Atræus* with his traine giue place,  
Whiles she led forth the day with her faire face,  
And lent each starre a more then *Delian* light.

Not *Ioue* or nature (should they both agree,  
To make a woman of the firmament,  
Of his mixt puritie) could not inuent,  
A skieborne forme so beautifull as shee.

When Melicertus had ended this roundelay in praise of his mistress, Samela perceiued by his description, that either some better Poet than himselfe had made it, or else that his former phrase was dissembled: wherefore to try him thoroughly, & to see what snake lay hid vnder the grasse, she followed the chace in this manner. Melicertus, might not a stranger craue your mistris name? At this the shepheard blusht, and made no reply. How now quoth Samela, what? is she so meane that you shame, or so high that you feare to betwray the soueraigne of your thoughts: stand not in doubt man: for be the bafe, I reade that mighty Tamberlaine after his wife Xenocrate (the worlds faire eye) passed out of the theatre of this mortall life, he chose stigmati call trulls to please his

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his humorous fancie. Be she a Princesse, honour hangs in high desires, and it is the token of a hie minde to venter for a Quene: then gentle shepheard tell me thy mistris name. Melicertus hearing his goddesse speake so fauourably, breathed out this sodaine reply: To hie Samela, and therefore I feare with the Syzian wolues to barke against the Moon, or with them of Scyrum, to shote against the Stars in the height of my thoughts soaring too high, to fall with wofull repenting Icarus: No sooner did mine eye glance vpon the beauty, but as if loue and fate had sate to forge my fatal disquiet, they trapt me within her lookes, and haling her Idæa through the passage of my sight, placed it so deeply in the center of my heart, as mauger all my studious endeuor it still and euer will keepe restless possession: Noting her vertues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellence, and feare of her too hie borne parentage, though painefully fettered, yet haue I still feared to dare so haughty an attempt to so bzaue a personage: lest she offense at my presumption, I perish in the height of my thoughts. This conclusion broken with an abrupt passion, could not so satisfie Samela, but she would be further inquisitiue. At last after many questions, he answered thus: seeing Samela, I consume my selfe, and displease you, to hazard for the salue that may cure my malady, and satisfie your question, know it is the beauteous Samela, Be there more of that name in Arcadie, beside my selfe god. she? I know not, said Melicertus, but were there a million, only you are Melicertus Samela: but of a million, quoth she, I cannot be Melicertus Samela: for loue hath but one arrow of desire in his quier, but one string to his bow, and inchoice but one ayne of affection. Haue ye already said Melicertus, set your rest vpon some higher personage? No, saide Samela I meane by your selfe, for I haue heard that your fancy is linked already to a beaifull shepherdesse in Arcady. At this the pooze swaine tainted his cheeks with a vermillion die, yet thinking to carry out the matter with a iest, he stood to his tackling thus: whosoener Samela des-canted of that loue, tolde you a Canterbury tale, some propheticall

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pheticall full mouth, that as he were a Coblers eldest son, would by the laest, tell where anothers shoo wzings, but his soluterly ayme was iust leuell, in thinking euery looke was loue, or euery faire word a patwne of loyalty. Then said Samela, taking him at a rebound, neither may I thinke your glances to be fancies, nor your greatestt protestation any assurance of deepe affection: therefore ceasing off to court any further at this time, thinke you haue proued your selfe too tall a souldier to continue so long at battery, and that I am a fauourable foe that haue continued so long at parly: but I charge you by the loue you owe your darest mistris, not to say any more as touching loue at this time. If Samela saide he, thou hadst intoynd me as Iuno did to Hercules, most dangerous labours, I would haue discourred my loue by obedience, and my affection by death: yet let me craue this, that as I began with a Sonnet, so I may end with a Madrigall. Content Melicretus quoth she, for none more then I loue musick. Upon this replythe shepheard proude, followed with this ditty.

### *Melicretus Madrigall*

What are my sheepe without their wonted fooode?

What my life except I gaine my loue?

My sheepe consume and faint for want of blood,

My life is lost vnlesse I grace approue.

No flower that saplesse thriues,

No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne, doth lowre for woe,

Then woe mine eyes vnlesse thy beautie see,

My Sunne *Samelaes* eyes, by whom I know

Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.

Nought more the heart reuiues

Then to embrace his deere,

The starres from earthly humors gaine their light,

Our humors by their light possesse their power:

*Samelaes* eyes fed by my weeping sight,

Infuses my paines or ioyes, by smile or lower.

## Greenes Arcadia.

So wends the source of loue,  
It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes cleare to your ioy, behold her eies,  
Admire her heart, desire to tast her kisses;  
In them the heauen of ioy and solace lies:  
Without them eu'rie hope his succour misses.

Oh how I loue to proue,  
Whereto this solace tends.

Scarce had the Shepheard ended this Madrigall, but Samela began to frowne, saying he had broken promise. Melicertus alleaged, if he had uttered any passion, twas sung, not said. Thus these louers in a humorous descant, of their prattle, espied a far off olde Lamedon and Menaphon comming towards them: where upon kissing in conceit, and prattling with interchanged glances, Melicertus stole to his sheepe, and Samela sate her dolone making of nets to catch birdes. At last, Lamedon and her loue came, & after many gracious looks, & much good parly, helpt her home with her sheepe, & put them in the foldes: but leauing these amorous shepherds busie in their loues, let vs returne at length to the pretty babie Samelas childe, whom Menaphon had put to nurse in the country. This infant being by nature beautiful, and by birth noble, euen in his cradle exprest to the eyes of the gazers, such glorious presages of his approaching fortunes, as if another Alciades (the arm strong darling of the doubled night) by wrestling with snakes in his swadling clotwotes, should prophesie to the world the approaching wonders of his prowess: so did his fiery looks reflect terror to the weak beholders of his ingrafted nobilitie, as if some God twice bozne, like to the Thracian Bacchus, forsaking his heauen bozne deitie, shold delude our eies with the alternate form of his infancy. Five yeeres had full run their monthly reuolution, when as this beauious boy began to shew himselfe among the shepherds children, with whom he had no sooner contracted familiar acquaintaine, but strait he was chosen Lord of the May game, king of their sports, & King-  
lea

## Greene's Arcadia.

leader to their reuels, inſomuch that his tender mother be-  
 holding him by chaunce mounted in his kingly Maiestie,  
 and imitating honourable iuſtice in his gameſome exer-  
 ciſe of diſcipline, with teares of ioy tooke by theſe propheti-  
 call termes: wel do I ſee, where God and Fate hath bowed  
 felicity, no aduerſe fortune may erpel proſperity. Pleuſidip-  
 pus thou art young, thy looke high, and thy thoughts hau-  
 tie, ſoueraignetie is ſeated in thine eies, & honor in thy hart  
 I feare this fire will haue his flame, and then am I vndone  
 in thæ my Son: my country life (ſweet country life) in thy  
 proude ſoaring hopes, diſpoiled and diſrobed of the diſgui-  
 ſed array of his reſt, muſt returne ruſſet weedes to the foldes  
 where I left my fears, and haſt to the court of my hell, there  
 to inueſt me with my wonted cares: how now Samela, wilt  
 thou be a Sybill of miſhaps to thy ſelfe: The angry heauens  
 that haue eterniſht thy exile, haue eſtabliſht thy content in  
 Arcady. My content in Arcady, that we may be no longer  
 then my Pleuſidippus dales in Arcady, which I haue cauſe to  
 feare: for the whelpes of the Lyon are no longer harmeleſſe  
 then when they are whelpes, and babes are no longer to be  
 aſwed then while they are babes. I, but nature: & therewith  
 ſhe paused, being interrupted by a tumult of boyes, that by  
 yong Pleuſidippus command fell vpon one of their fellowes,  
 and beate him moſt cruelly for playing falſe play at nine-  
 holes: which ſhe eſpying through the lattice window, could  
 not chuſe but ſmile aboute meaſure: but when ſhe ſaw him  
 in his childiſh tearmes condemne one to death for deſpiſing  
 the author: it bequeathed him by the reſt of the boyes, then  
 ſhe beſthought her of the Perſian Cyrus, that depoſed his  
 Grandfather Aſtyages, whoſe uſe it was at like age to im-  
 mitate maiestie in like manner. In this deſtraction of  
 thoughts ſhe had not long time ſtayed, but Lamedon and  
 Menaphon called her away to accompany them to the foldes,  
 whither Pleuſidippus halſing to the execution of iuſtice, diſ-  
 miſſed of his boyiſh ſellion till their next meeting: where  
 how imperiouſly he behaued himſelfe in puniſhing miſor-  
 ders amongſt his equals, in bliſing more then iuſtice  
 towards

## Greenes Arcadia.

towards his vntamed copelmates, I referre it to the Annals of the Arcadians that dilate not a little of this ingenious argument. In this sort did Pleusidippus draw forth his infancie, till on a time walking to the shoare, where he with his mother were wrackt, to gather Cockle and pebble stones, as children are wont: there arrived on the strand a Thessalian Pirate named Eurilochus, who after he had foraged in the Arcadian confines, dzing before him a large bootie of beasts to his ships, espied this pretty infant, when gazing on his face, as wanton loue gazed on Phrygian Ganymede in the fields of Ida, he exhaled into his eyes such deepe impression of his perfection, as that his thought neuer thirsted so much after any prey, as this pretty Pleusidippus possession: But determining first to assay him by curtisie before he assailed him with rigour, he began to try his wit after this maner. My little child, whence art thou, where wert thou borne, what is thy name, and wherefore wanderest thou thus all alone on the shoare? I pray ye what are ye Sir, quoth Pleusidippus, that deale thus with me by interrogatories, as if I were some run-away. Wilt thou not tel me then who was thy father? said he, Good sir, if ye will needes know, goe aske that of my mother. He hath said well my Lord, quoth Romanio, who was one of his speciall associates, for wise are the children in those dayes that know their owne fathers, especially if they be begotten in dog-dayes, when their mothers are franticke with lout, & yong men furious for lust. Besides, who knows not that these Arcadians are giuen to take the benefit of euery Hodge, when they will sacrifice their virginity to Venus, though they haue but a bush of nettles for their bed, & sure this boy is but some shepherds bassard at the most, howsoeuer this wanton face importeth more then appearance. Pleusidippus eyes at this speech resolved into fire, and his face in purple with a more then common courage in children of his yeeres and stature, gaue him the lye roundly in this reply: Desant, the bassard in thy face, for I am a gentleman: wert thou a man in courage, as thou art a colwe in

propoz

## Greenes Arcadia.

proportion, thou wouldest neuer haue so much impaired thy honesty, as to derogate from my honor. Loke not in my face but leuell at my hart by this that thou seest: and therewith let dzine at him with such pebble stones as he had in his hat, in somuch that Romanio was dzriuen to his heeles, to shunue this suddaine haile shot, and Eurilochus resolued into laughter, and in termes of admiration most highly extolled so exceeding magnanimity in so little a body: which how auailable, it proued to the confirmation of his fancie that was before inflamed with his features, let them imagine that haue noted the imbecillitie of that age, and the vnrested furie of men at armes. Sufficeth at this instant to vnfold (all other circumstances of praise laid apart) that Eurilochus being far in loue with his extraoꝝdinary lineamētis awaited no farther parly, but willed his men perforce, to hoise him a ship-board, intending as soon as euer he arrived in Thessalie, by sending him to the Court as a present, to make peace with his Lord & maister Agenor, who not long before had proclaimed him as a notorious Pirat throughout al his dominions. Neither swarued he one whit frō his purpose, for no sooner had he cast anker in the port of Hadrianopolis, but he arraied him in choise silks, and Tyrian purple, and so sent him as a prize to the king of that Country: who walking as then in his Summer garden, with his Quēne the beauteous Eriphila, fell to discourse (as one well sēg in Philosophie) of hearbs and flowers, as the saueur or coulour did occasion: and hauing spent some time in disputing their medicinable properties, his Lady reaching him a Marigold, he began to moralize of it thus merrily: I maruell the Poets that were so prodigall in painting the amorous affection of the sun to his Hyacinth, did neuer obserue the relation of loue twirt him and the Marigolde, it should sēme either they were loath to incurre the displeasure of women, by propounding in the way of comparison any seruile imitation for headstrong wiues, that loue no precepts lesse then those pertaining vnto dutie; or that the flower not so vsuall in their gardens as ours, in her vnacquainted  
name



## Greenes Arcadia.

name did obscure the honour of her amours to Apollo, to whose motions reducing the method of her springing, she waketh and sleepeth, openeth and shutteth her golden leaues as he riseth and setteth. Well did you fore-stall my exception, quoth Eriphila, in terming it a seruile imitation: for were the condition of a wife so slauiſh, as your ſimilitude would inferre, I had as lieue be your page as your ſpouſe, your dog as your darling. Not ſo ſweet wiſe, answered Agenor, but the compariſon holdeth in this, that as the Parigold reſembleth the ſun both in colour and forme, ſo each mans wife ought euery way to be the image of her huſband, framing her countenance to ſmile, when ſhe ſees him diſpoſed to mirth, and contraiſe her eyes to teares, hee being ſurcharged with melancholy: As the Parigolde diſplaieth the orient ornaments of her beautie, and to the reſplendant view of none but her loue Hyperion: ſo ought not a weoman of modeſtie lay open the allurements of her face to any but her eſpouſed Phere, in whoſe abſence, like the Parigolde in the abſence of the Sunn, ſhe ought to ſhut vp her dozes, and ſolemnize continual night, til her huſband her ſun making a happy returne, vſealeth her ſlence with the ioy of his ſight. Beloeue me, but if all flowers (quoth Eriphila) afford ſuch influence of eloquence to our aduerſe Orators, Ile exempt them all from my ſmell for feare they be all planted to poiſon. Oſt haue I heard (replied Agenor) our cunning Philſitians conclude, that one poiſon is harmeleſſe to another, which if they be ſo, there is no cauſe why a thistle ſhould feare to be ſtung of a nettle. I can tell you ſir, you were beſt beware, leaſt in wading too far in compariſons of thiſtles and nettles, you exchange not your roſe for a nettle. If I do, quoth Agenor, it is no more but my gardener ſhall plucke it vp by the rootes, and throw it ouer the wal as a weede. To end this ieſt, which els would iſſue to a ſarre, what purple flower is this in forme like a Hyacinth (quoth Eriphila) ſo cunningly dropped with blood, as if nature had intermedled with the Heralders art to emblazon a bleeding hart: It is the flower, into which Poetes ſaigne,

Venus

## Greenes Arcadia.

Venus caused dying Adonis to be turned a faire boy, but passing infortunate. Was it possible (quoth Eriphila) that euer nature should be so bounteous to a boy, to giue him a face in despite of women so faire:aine would I see such an obiect, & then would I desie beauty for imparting our excellency to any inferior obiect. In saying these words, (as if fortune meant to present her fan cie with her desired felicitie) Romanio conducted by one of the Lords, came with young Pleusidippus in his hand into the priue Garden: where discoursing vnto the King the intent of Eurilochus, in presenting him with such an inestimable Iewell, the manner of his taking of the Strand of Arcadie, with other circumstances of vowed allegiance: all which being gratefully accepted of Agenor, he sealed their seuerall pardons, and gaue them leaue to depart. But when hee had thoroughly obserued euery perfection of young Pleusidippus, he burst into these tearmes of passion: Had sea-boorne Pontia then an applvable eare in our idlenesse, that to testifie her eternall deitie, she should send vs a second Adonis, to delude our senses: what ever may deserue the name, faire haue I seene before; beautie haue I beheld in his brightest azbe, but neuer set eye on immortalitie before this houre: Eriphila likewise in no lesse extasie, seeing her eyes to dazle with the refere of his beautie, and her cheeks tainted with a blush of disgrace by too much gazing on his face, said: that either the Sun had left his bowyer to beguile the eyes with a borrowed shaye (which could not keepe in his brightness,) or Cupid dismounted from his mothers lap, left his bow & quauer at random, to outbrave the Thessalonian dames in their beauty. In this contrariety of thoughts, being all plunged weinigh in a speecheless astonishment, the faire child Pleusidippus, not bled to such hyperbolicall spectators, booke off the silence, by calling for his victuals, as one whose empty stomacke since his comming from sea, was not ouer cloyed with delicates. Whereat Agenor reuiued from his trance, wherein the present wonder had inuapt him, demanded such questions of his name and parentage, as the Porats

## Greenes Arcadia.

name did obscure the honour of her amours to Apollo, to whose motions reducing the method of her springing, she waketh and sleepeth, openeth and shutteth her golden leaues as he riseth and setteth. Well did you fore-stall my exception, quoth Eriphila, in terming it a seruile imitation: for were the condition of a wife so slauiſh, as your ſimilitude would inferre, I had as liene be your page as your ſpouſe, your dog as your darling. Not ſo ſwæt wiſe, answered Agenor, but the compariſon holdeth in this, that as the Parigold reſembleth the ſun both in colour and forme, ſo each mans wife ought euery way to be the image of her huſband, framing her countenance to ſmile, when ſhe ſees him diſpoſed to mirth, and contrariſe her eyes to teares, hee being ſurcharged with melancholy: As the Parigolde diſplaieſh the orient ornaments of her beautie, and to the reſplendant view of none but her loue Hyperion: ſo ought not a weoman of modeſtie lay open the allurements of her face to any but her eſpouſed Phere, in whoſe abſence, like the Parigolde in the abſence of the Sunn, ſhe ought to ſhut vp her dozes, and ſolemnize continual night, til her huſband her ſun making a happy returne, vnſealeth her ſilence with the ioy of his ſight. Belæue me, but if all flowers (quoth Eriphila) afford ſuch influence of eloquence to our aduerſe Orators, Ile exempt them all from my ſmell for feare they be all planted to poiſon. Oſt haue I heard (replied Agenor) our cunning Phiſitians conclude, that one poiſon is harmleſſe to another, which if they be ſo, there is no cauſe why a thistle ſhould feare to be ſtung of a nettle. I can tell you ſir, you were beſt beware, leaſt in wading too far in comparisons of thiſtles and nettles, you exchange not your roſe for a nettle. If I do, quoth Agenor, it is no more but my gardener ſhall plucke it vp by the rootes, and throw it over the wal as a weede. To end this ieſt, which els would iſſue to a ſarre, what purple flower is this in forme like a Hyacinth (quoth Eriphila) ſo cunningly dropped with blood, as if nature had intermedled with the Heralders art to emblazon a blæding hart: It is the flower, into which Poetes ſaigne,

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ignorance could not unfold: but he being able to tell no more then this, that his mother was a shepheardesse, and his owne name Pleusidippus, cut off all other interrogatories, by calling after his childish manner againe for his dinner. Whereupon Agenor commanding him to be had in, and bled in euery respect as the child of a Prince, began in his solitarie walke by his countenance to calculate his *Pa*tiuitie, and measure his birth by his beauty, contracting him in thought, heire to the kingdome of Theffaly, and husband to his daughter, before he knew whence the child descended, or who was his father.

But leauing yong Pleusidippus thus spending his youth in the Theffalian court, protected with the tender affection of such a courteous Foster-father as Agenor, returne wee where we left, backe into Arcadie, and meete his mother the faire Samela returning from the foldes: who hauing discoursed by the way as she came home to Lamedon and Menaphon what she late saw and obserued in her sonne, they both conioyned their iudgements to their conclusion, that he was doubtlesse borne to some greater fortunes then shepecotes could containe, and therefore it behoued her to further his Destinies with some good and liberall education, and not to detayne him any longer in that trade of life, which his fortune withstood: but by the way to rebuke him for tyrannizing so lordly ouer the boyes, least the neighbour shepheards might haply intrude the name of iniury on them being straungers; for his insulting ouer their children. With this determination came she home, and calling for Pleusidippus according to their former counsaile, he would in no wise be found. Whereupon enquire was made among all the shepheards, diligent search in euery billage, but still the most carefullest post returned with, *Non est inuentus*. Which Samela hearing, thinking shee had utterly lost him whose fortune had saued, began in this manner to act her vnrest: Dissembling heauen, where is your happinesse: Unconstant times, what are your triumphes: Haue you therefore hitherto sed mee  
with

with hony, that ye might at last poyson me with gall. Haue you satted me so long with Sardenian smiles, that like the wrack of the Syrens, I might perish in your wiles: Curs that I was to affie in your curtesie, curs that I am to tast of your crueltie. O Pleusidipus, liuest thou, or art thou dead: No, thou art dead, dead to the world, dead to thy kinsfolkes, dead to Cypres, dead to Arcadie, dead to thy mother Samela: and with thee dies the worlds wonder, thy kinsfolkes comfort, Cypres soule, Arcadies hopes, thy mothers honors. Was this the prophetic of thy soueraigntie, to yeld vp thy life to death so vntimely? Wretched was I of all women to bring thee forth to this infancie.

O cruell Themis, that didst reuolue such bneuitable fate, hard harted death to prosecute me with such hate. Haue wee therefore escapt the fury of the seas, to perish on the Land: was it not enough that we were exiled from higher prosperity, but wee must all of vs suddely be ouerwhelmed with the ouerflow of a second aduersity: my husband & my father to be swallowed in the furie of the surge, & now thou to be (and therewith her eyes distilled such abundance of teares: as stoppt the passage of her plaints, & made her seeme a more then second Niobe, bewailing her seuenfolde sorrow vnder the forme of weeping Flint.) Menaphon who had ouerheard her all this while, as one that sought opportunitie to pleade his vnrrest, perceiuing her in that extremity of agony for her sonnes supposed losse, stept to her presently and cheered her vp in these termes: faire shepherdesse, might y teares of contritiō raise the dead frō destruction, then were it wilde to bewaile what weeping might recall: but since such anguish is fruitlesse, and these plainings bottlesse, comfort your selfe with the hope of the liuing, and omit the teares for the dead. Why quoth Samela, how is it possible a woman should lose him without grieve, whom she hath conceiued with sorrow: he was, swaete Menaphon, the deuided halfe of my essence, soule to my ioyes, and life to my delights, as beauteous in his birth, as is our bright bow-bearing GOD, that played the Shepheard a while for loue, amidst

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our pleasant Arcadian downs. What euer he was in beautie, quoth Menaphon, proceeded from your bounty: who may by marriage make his like when you please: therefore there is no cause why you should so much grieve to see your first worke defaced, that of a new mold can forme a far better then euer he was. Ah Menaphon, nere more may his like proceede from my loynes: I tell thee he made the Chamber bright with his beauty when he was borne, and cheekt the night with the golden rapes that gleamed from his lookes: neuer more may I be the mother of such a son. Des Samela (quoth the frolicke shepheard) thinke not but if thou wilt list to my loues, I will enrich thee with as faire increase as euer he was. Alas poore Swaine saide shee, thou hopest in vaine, since another must reape, what thou hast sowne, and gather into his barnes, what thou hast scattered in the furrow. Another reape what I haue sowne: Therewith hee scratcht his head where it itcht not, and setting his cap hee could not tell which way, in a hote Iustian fume he bittered these wordes of fury: Strumpet of Greece, repayest thou my loue with this lauish ingratitude: haue I therefore with my plenty supplied thy wants, that thou with thy pride shouldst procure my woe: did I releue thee in distresse, to wound me in thy welfare with disdain: Deceitful woman (and therewith he swore a holiday oath, by Pan the God of the shepheards) either returne loue for loue, or I will turne thee forth of doores to scrape by thy crums where thou canst, and make thee pittied for thy pouerty, that erst while wert honored in euery mans eye through the supportance of thy beautie. Welike then quoth Samela, when you entertained me into your house, you did it not in regard of the lawes of hospitalitie, but only with this policy to quench the flames of your fancie: then Sir I haue mistooke your honesty, and am lesse indebted to your courtesie. Nay I thought no lesse saide Menaphon, when your stragling eye at our last meeting would bee gadding throughout euery corner of our company, that you would proue such a kinde kistrell: but if you will needes be starting, Ile serue you thereafter. I warrant



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warrant you: then see which of our bearded yongsters will take you in, when I haue cast you forth. Those said she, that outcountenance Menaphon and his pelfe, and are better able then your selfe: but howsoeuer I find their fauour, I hence forth desie you and your fellowship. And therewith in great rage she flung away into the next chamber, where her vncle Lamedon lay sleeping, who complaining of Menaphons discourtesies, he strait inuented this remedie: There was a Shepheard called Moron (brother to Doron) that not long before dyed of a surfet, whose house and flocke being set to sale after his decease, he bought them both for hylth for Samela, with certaine remainder of money he had, and therein enfeofed her mangre the fury of Menaphon, who when hee saw she was able to support her state without his purse, became sick for anger, and spent whole Eglogues in anguish. Sometime lying comfortles in his bed, he would complaine him to the windes of his woes, in these or such like wordes: Forlorne, and forsooke, since Whisicke doth loathe thee, despayre be thy death, loue is a God, and dispiseth thee a man: fortune blinde, and cannot behold thy deserts: die, die, fond Menaphon, that vngratefully hast abandoned thy mistress. And therewith stretched himselfe vpon his bed, as thinking to haue slept, he was restrayned by cares that eriled all rest from his eyes: whereupon taking his Pipe in his hand, twixt playing and singing he plained him thus.

### *Menaphons song in his bed.*

You restless cares, companions of the night,  
That wrapt my ioyes in folds of endlesse woes:  
Tire on my hart, and wound it with your spight,  
Since loue and fortune prooues my equall foes.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,

Welcome sweet griefe the subiect of my layes.

Mourne heauens, mourne earth, your shepheard is forlorne,  
Mourne times, and houres, since bale inuades by bowre,  
Curse euery tongue, the place where I was borne,  
Curse euery thought, the life which makes me loare.

## Greenes Arcadia.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,  
Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Was I not free? was I not fancies aime?

Framde not desire my face to front disdaine:

I was; she did: but now one seely maim

Makes me to droope, as he whom loue hath slaine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,

Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Yet drooping, and yet liuing to this death,

I sigh, I sue for pittie at her shrine:

Whose fierie eyes exhale my vitall breath,

And make my flocks with parching heate to pine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,

Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Fade they, die I, long may she liue to blisse,

That feedes a wanton fire with fuell of her forme:

And makes perpetuall summer where she is,

Whiles I doe cry, ore-tooke with enuies storme.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,

Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

So sooner had Menaphon ended this dittie, but Pefana hearing that he was lately fallen sick, and that Samela and he were at mortall iarres, thinking to make hay while the sunne shined, and take opportunitie by her sozeloeks, coming into his chamber, vnder pretence to visit him, fell into these termes: Why how now Menaphon, hath your new change driuen you to a night cappe? Welcome me this is the strangest effect of loue that euer I saw, to freeze so quicklie the heart is set on fire so lately. Why may it not be a burning feuer aswell quoth Menaphon blushing? Nay that can not be, said Pefana, since you shake for colde, not sweat for heat. Why if it be so, it is long of cold entertainment. Why said Pefana, hath your hote entertainment coled your courage?

No, but her vnderferued hate quite hindered my conquest. You knowe, said Pefana, where you might haue beene let in

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in long ere this, without either assault or any such battery.  
 With this the Shepheard was mute, and Pefana ashamed:  
 but at length regathering his spirits, to bewray his mar-  
 tyrdome, and make his old mistris some new musicke, hee  
 strained forth this dittie.

Faire fields proude Floras vaunt, Why is't you smile  
 when as I languish?

You golden meades, why striue you to beguile  
 my weeping anguish?

I liue to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,  
 why do you spring thus?

What will not Boreas tempests wrathfull king  
 take some pittie on vs?

And send forth winter in her rustie weede,  
 to waile my bemonings;

Whiles I distrest doe tune my country reede  
 vnto my gronings.

But heauen, and earth, time, place, and euery power,  
 haue with her conspired,

To turne my blissefull sweet to balefull sower,  
 since I fond desired.

The heauen, whereto my thoughts may not aspire,  
 aye me vnhappy:

It was my fault t'imbrace my bane the fire,  
 that forceth me die.

Mine be the paine, but hers the cruell cause  
 of this strange torment:

Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,  
 till proud she repent.

Well I perceiue, saie Pefana, for all she hath let you see  
 like a hawke that hath lost her tire, yet you meane to fol-  
 low suite and seruice, though you get but a handful of smoke  
 to the bargaine. Not so, saie Menaphon, but perhaps I seeke  
 to returne an ill bargaine, as deere as I bought it. If you do  
 so, you are wiser then this kercher sheweth you, saie Pesa-  
 na. Much idle prattle to this end had Menaphon with Pe-  
 sana in his sicknesse; and long it was not, but that with  
 god

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god diet and warre broths, (and especially by her careful attendance) he began to gather by his crums, and listen by little and little to the loue he late scorned. Leauē we them to their equall desires, and surfeiting either of others societie, and let vs looke backe to Thessalie, where Samelaes stripping (now growne by to the age of 16. yeeres) florist in honoꝛ and feats of arms aboue all the knights of the court, in somuch, that the etcho of his fame, was the only newes talkt on throughout euery towne in Grèce. But Olympia, the mistresse of his prowell (foꝛ so was the kings daughter named) was she that most of all exulted in the far renowned reports of his martiall perfections, to whose praise hee did consecrate all his endeauours, to whose exquisite soꝛme hee did dedicate al his aduentures. But hell-boꝛne fame, the eldest daughter of Erynnis, enuying the felicitie of these two famous louers, dismounted esthones from her brasse sounding buildings, and unburdned her selfe of her secrets in the presence of yong Pleusidippus, among whose Catalogue she had not forgot to discover the incomparable beauty of the Arcadian shepheardesse, wherof the yong Prince no sooner had receiued an inkling, but hee stood vpon thornes till hee had satisfied his desire with her sight. Therefore on a time sitting with his mistresse at supper, when foꝛ table talke it was debated amongst them; what country bred the most accomplished dames foꝛ all things: after strangers and others had deliuered by their opinions without partialitie, one among them all, who had bene in Arcadie, gaue by his verdit thus freely: Gentlewoman (quoth he) bee it no disgrace foꝛ the Moone to stoꝛpe to the Sunne, foꝛ the Starrs to giue place when Titan appears: then I hope neither the Thessalians will be moued, nor the Græcians agreed, if I make Apollos Arcady, beauties meridian: Neither will I procede herein as our Philosophical Poets are wont, that muster euery mouer in the Zodiacke, euery fixed Starre in the firmament, euery elementall word of art in an Almanacke, to proue that countrey foꝛ beauty most canonically where their mistresse abideth: when as (God wot) had they  
but

but learned of Apelles, *Ne futor ultra cropidam*, they would not haue aspired aboue their birth, or talked beyond theyr solutely bringing vp. Our Arcadian nymphs are faire and beautifull, though not begotten of the sunnes bright rayes, whose eyes want loues armory to the victor, whose angelical faces are to the obscure earth in stead of firmament: biew but this counterfet, ( & thertwithall hee shewed the picture of Samela ) and see if it be not of force to draw the sun from his sphere, or the moone from her circle, to gaze as the one did on the beautie of Daphne, or all night contemplate as the other on the forme of Endymion. Pleusidippus, who all this while heard his tale with attentive patience, no sooner beheld the radiant glozy of this resplendant face, but as a man already installed in eternitie, hee exclaimed thus abruptlie. O Arcady, Arcady, storehouses of nymphs, & nursery of beautie. At which words Olimpia starting vp sodainly, as if shee a second Iuno, had taken her loue in bedde with Alcmena; & ouercasting the Chamber with a frowne that was able to mantle the world with an eternall night, shee made passage to her choler in these termes of contempt: Beardlesse vpstart of I know not whence, haue the fauors of my bountie (not thy desert) entred thee so deeply in ouerthrowning presumption, that thou shouldst be the foremost in derogation of our dignity & blaspheming of my beauty: I tell thee miscreant, I scorne thy clownish Arcady with his inferior comparisons, as one that prizeth her perfection aboue any created constitution. Pleusidippus, vpon this speech was plunged in a great perplexity, whether he should excuse himselfe milidie, or take her vp roundly: but the latter being more leuell to his humors then the former, he began thus to retorse vp his furie: Disdainfull dame that vpbraidest mee with my birth as it were base, and my youth as it were boyish: know that though my Parents and progeny are enuiled by obscuritie, yet the sparkes of renowne that make my Eagle minded thoughts to mount the heauenly fire imprisoned in the pannels of my cress, inciting me to more deedes of honor, then stout Perseus effected with his sauchon in the fieldes of Hesperia

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peria, ascertaines my soule I was the son of no colward, but a gentleman: but sith my inequality of parētage, is such an eyefoze to thy enuy, hold, take thy favours (and therewith he thretho her gloue) and immortalize whom thou wilt with thy toyes, for I wilt to Arcadie in spite of thee, and thy affinity, there eyther to seeke out mischance, or a new Districke.

With this in a great rage he rose from the board, & would haue mounted himselfe to depart in that mode, had not the Lords & gentlemen there present dissuaded him frō such an vnaduised enterprise. Neither was this unkindnes kept so secrete, but it came to the Kings eare as he was new risen from dinner, who, for the loue he bare to Pleusidippus whom he had honored with knighthood not long befoze, and for the toward hopes he saw in him, took paines to go to the chāber where they were, & finding his daughter in strange maner perplexed with the thoughts of Pleusidippus departure, her eyes red, and her cheeks all to be blubberd with her iealous teares, he took her vp in this maner. Daughter, I thought I had chose such a one to be the object of your eye, as he might haue euery way loued and honored as the Lord of your life, and not haue controlled as the slave of your lust. Did I therfoze grace him with my countenance, that you should distain him with your taunts? I haue gyde, I aduise thee on my displeasure, either reconcile thy selfe betimes, and reforme thy vnrequerent termes, or I will disclaime the loue of a Father, & deale by thee no more as a daughter. Olympia, who already had sufficiently bitten on the bridle, took these words more unkindly then all her former bitterness, which she digested but sowerly: neuertheless making necessitie the present times best pollicie, she humbled her selfe as she might with modestie, and desired the best interpretation of what was past: Pleusidippus whose curteous inclination could not withstand this submission, in signe of reconciliation, gaue her a *stoccado des labies*: yet was he not so reconciled, but he kept on his purpose of going to Arcadie, where at Olympia (though she grudged inwardly, yet being loath to offend) he'd her peace, and determined to bestow vpon  
him

him a remembrance, wherby he might be brought to thinke on her in his absence, which was the deuice of a bleeding heart floating in the sea waues, curiously stamped in golde, with this motto about it: *portum aut mortem*, alluding as it seemed, to the deuice in his shield, wherein (because it was taken by by Eurilochus on the shore) was cunningly drauone in a field *argent*, the sea waues with Venus sitting on y<sup>e</sup> top, in token that his affection was already settred. Here hold this said she, my sweet Pleusidippus, and hang it about thy neck, that when thou art in Arcadie, it may be euer in thy eye, so shal these drops of ruth that paint out a painful truth withdraw the fancie fro<sup>t</sup> attracting strange beautie: which said, the tears gush't from her eyes, and Egegnors likewise, who gaue him nothing so much in charge, as to make hast of his returne. Pleusidippus, though he could haue bin content to haue done the like for compaignie, yet hee had such a mind on his iourney, that he brake off such ceremonies, and hasted a shipboard, & in a bark bound for Arcady, hauing the wind fauorable, made a short cut: so as in a day and nights sayling, he arriued on the shore ioyning on the promontarie where hee, his mother, and Lamedon were first wracked.

Leaue we him wandring with some few of his traine that came with him along the sea side, to seek out some towne or village where to refresh themselves, & let vs a while to the court of Democles, where our historie began: who hauing committed his daughter with her sander habee, her husband Maximinus and Lamedon his uncle without oare or mariner to the fury of the mercurielle waues, determined to leaue y<sup>e</sup> succession of his kingdome to vncertaine chance: for his D. with Sephestiaes losse (whom she deemed to be dead) toke such thought, that within short time after she died. Democles as carelesse of all weathers, spent his time Epicure like in all kind of pleasures, that either art or expence might afford, so as for his dissolute life hee seemed another Helio-gabalus, deriuing his securitie from that grounded tranquillitie, which made it prouerbiall to the world, *No heauen but Arcadia*. Hauing spent many yeeres in this varietie of ba-



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Fade they, die I, long may she liue to blisse,

That feedes a wanton fire with fuell of her forme:

And makes perpetuall summer where she is,

Whiles I doe cry, ore-tooke with enuies storme.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,

Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

So sower had Menaphon ended this dittie, but Pefana hearing that he was lately fallen sick, and that Samela and he were at mortall iarres, thinking to make hay while the sunne shined, and take opportunitie by her foze locks, coming into his chamber, vnder pretence to visit him, fell into these termes: Why how now Menaphon, hath your new change driuen you to a night cappe? Belene me this is the strangest effect of loue that euer I saw, to fraze so quicklie the heart is set on fire so lately. Why may it not be a burning feuer aswell quoth Menaphon blushing? Nay that can not be, said Pefana, since you shake for colde, not sweat for heat. Why if it be so, it is long of cold entertainment. Why said Pefana, hath your hote entertainment coled your courage?

So, but her undeserued hate quite hindered my conquest. You knowe, said Pefana, where you might haue bene let

in

## Greene's Arcadia.

in long ere this, without either assault or any such battery.  
 With this the shepheard was mute, and Pefana ashamed:  
 but at length regathering his spirits, to bewray his mar-  
 tyrdome, and make his old mistris some new musicke, hee  
 strained forth this dittie.

Faire fields proude Floras vaunt, Why is't you smile  
 when as I languish?  
 You golden meades, why strue you to beguile  
 my weeping anguish?  
 I liue to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,  
 why do you spring thus?  
 What will not Boreas tempests wrathfull king  
 take some pittie on vs?  
 And send forth winter in her rustie weede,  
 to waile my bemonings;  
 Whiles I distrest doe tune my country reede  
 vnto my gronings.  
 But heauen, and earth, time, place, and euery power,  
 haue with her conspired,  
 To turne my blissefull sweet to balefull sower,  
 since I fond desired.  
 The heauen, whereto my thoughts may not aspire,  
 aye me vnhappy:  
 It was my fault t'imbrace my bane the fire,  
 that forceth me die.  
 Mine be the paine, but hers the cruell cause  
 of this strange torment:  
 Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,  
 till proud she repent.

Well I perceiue, saide Pefana, for all she hath let you see  
 like a hawke that hath lost her tire, yet you meane to fol-  
 low sute and seruice, though you get but a handful of smoke  
 to the bargaine. Not so, said Menaphon, but perhaps I seeke  
 to returne an ill bargaine, as deere as I bought it. If you do  
 so, you are wiser then this kercher sheweth you, said Pesa-  
 na. Much idle prattle to this end had Menaphon with Pe-  
 sana in his sicknesse; and long it was not, but that with  
 god

## Greene's Arcadia

god diet and warlike brothers, (and especially by her careful attendance) he began to gather up his crums, and listen by little and little to the loue he late scorned. Leauing them to their equall desires, and surfeiting either of others societie, and let vs looke backe to Thessalie, where Samelaes stripping (now growne up to the age of 16. yeeres) florished in honoꝛ and feats of arms aboue all the knights of the court, in so much, that the echo of his fame, was the only newes talkt on throughout euery towne in Greece. But Olympia, the mistresse of his promise (for so was the kings daughter named) was she that most of all exulted in the far renowned reports of his martiall perfections, to whose praise hee did consecrate all his endeauours, to whose erquisite forme hee did dedicate all his aduentures. But hell-borne fame, the eldest daughter of Erynnis, enuying the felicitie of these two famous louers, dismounted effigies from her braſſe sounding buildings, and unburdened her selfe of her secrets in the presence of young Pleusidippus, among whose Catalogue she had not forgot to discouer the incomparable beauty of the Arcadian shepherdesse, wherof the young Prince no sooner had receiued an inkling, but hee stood vpon thornes till hee had satisfied his desire with her sight. Therefore on a time sitting with his mistresse at supper, when for table talke it was debated amongst them, what country bred the most accomplished dames for all things: after strangers and others had deliuered by their opinions without partialitie, one among them all, who had bene in Arcadie, gaue up his verdit thus freely: Gentlewoman (quoth he) bee it no disgrace for the Moone to stoop to the Sunne, for the Starrs to giue place when Titan appeares: then I hope neither the Thessalians will be moued, nor the Grecians agreed, if I make Apollus Arcady, beauties meridian: Neither will I proceede herein as our Philosophical Poets are wont, that musteuer every mouer in the Zodiacke, euery fixed Starre in the firmament, euery elementall word of art in an Almanacke, to proue that countrey for beauty most canonicall where their mistresse abideth: when as (God wot) had they  
but

but learned of Apelles, *Ne futor, vltra cupidam*, they would not haue aspired aboue their birth, or talked beyond thep solutely bringing vp. Our Arcadian nymphs are faire and beautifull, though not begotten of the sunnes bright rayes, whose eyes want loues armory to the view, whose angelical faces are to the obscure earth in stead of firmament: beiew but this counterfet, ( & therewithall hee shewed the picture of Samela ) and see if it be not of force to draw the sun from his sphere, or the mone from her circle, to gaze as the one did on the beautie of Daphne, or all night contéplate as the other on the forme of Endymion. Pleusidippus, who all this while heard his tale with attentiué patience, no sôner beheld the radiant glozy of this resplédaunt face, but as a man already installed in eternitie, hee exclaimed thus abruptlie. O Arcady, Arcady, storehouses of nymphs, & nursery of beutie. At which words Olimpia starting vp sodainly, as if shee a second Iuno, had taken her loue in bedde with Alcmena; & ouerasking the Chamber with a scowne that was able to mangle the world with an eternall night, shee made passage to her choler in these termes of contépt: Beardlesse vpstart of I know not whence, haue the fauors of my bountie (not thy desert) entred the so déepely in ouerthrowning presumption, that thou shouldst be the foremost in derogation of our dignity & blaspheming of my beauty: I tell the miscreant, I scorne thy clownish Arcady with his inferiour comparisons, as one that prizeth her perfection aboue any created constitution. Pleusidippus, vppon this speech stode plunged in a great perplexity, whether he should excuse himselfe inuolue, or take her vp roundly: but the latter being more leuell to his humors then the former, he began thus to roloze vp his furie: Widoainfull dame that vpbraidest me with my birth as it were base, and my youth as it were boyish: know that though my Parents and progeny are smiled by obscuritie, yet the sparkes of renowne that make my Eagle minded thoughts to mount the heavenly fire imprisoned in the pannels of my crest, inciting me to more dedes of honoz, then stout Perceus effected with his sauncheon in the fieldes of Hesperia

## Greenes Arcadia.

peria, ascertaines my soule I was the son of no colward, but a gentleman: but sith my inequality of parètage, is such an eyefoze to thy enuy, hold, take thy fauours (and therewith he threwo her gloue) and immortalize whom thou wilt with thy toyes, for I wit to Arcadie in spite of thee, and thy affinitie, there eyther to seeke out mischance, or a new Districke.

With this in a great rage he rose from the board, & would haue mounted himselfe to depart in that mode, had not the Lords & gentlemen theropresent dissuaded him frō such an vnaduised enterprise. Neither was this unkindnes kept so secrete, but it came to the Kings eare as he was new risen from dinner, who, for the loue he bare to Pleusidippus whom he had honored with knighthood not long before, and for the toward hopes he saw in him, took paines to go to the chāber where they were, & finding his daughter in strange maner perplexed with the thoughts of Pleusidippus departure, her eyes red, and her cheeks all to be blubberd with her iealous teares, he took her vp in this maner. Daughter, I thought I had chose such a one to be the object of your eye, as he might haue euery way loued and honored as the Lord of your life, and not haue controlled as the slave of your lust. Did I therefore grace him with my countenance, that you should disdain him with your taunts? With gyle, I aduise thee on my displeasure, either reconcile thy selfe betimes, and reforme thy vnreuerent termes, or I will disclaime the loue of a Father, & deale by thee no more as a daughter. Olympia, who already had sufficiently bitten on the bridle, took these wordes more unkindly, then all her former bitterness, which she digested but sowerly: neuertheless making necessitie the present times best pollicie, she humbled her selfe as she might with modestie, and desired the best interpretation of what was past. Pleusidippus whose curteous inclination could not witstand this submission, in signe of reconciliation, gaue her a *foccado del labies*: yet was hee not so reconciled, but he kept on his purpose of going to Arcadie, where at Olympia (though she grudged inwardly, yet being loath to offend) he'd her peace, and determined to bestow vpon him

him a remembrance, wherby he might be brought to thinke on her in his absence, which was the deuice of a bleeding heart floating in the sea waues, curiously stamped in golde, with this motto about it: *partum aut mortem*, alluding as it seemed, to the deuice in his wild, wherein (because it was taken up by Eurilochus on the shore) was cunningly drawne in a field *argente*, the sea waues with Venus sitting on y<sup>e</sup> top, in token that his affection was already fettered. Here hold this said she, my sweet Pleusidippus, and hang it about thy neck, that when thou art in Arcadie, it may be euer in thy eye, so that these drops of ruth that paint out a painful truth withdraw thy fancie fro<sup>m</sup> attracting strange beautie: which said, the tears gush't from her eyes, and, Egeus like wile, who gaue him nothing so much in charge, as to make hast of his returne. Pleusidippus, though he could haue bin content to haue donee the like for company, yet hee had such a mind on his iourney, that he brake off such ceremonies, and halsted a shipboard, & in a bark bound for Arcady, hauing the wind fauorable, made a short cut: so as in a day and nights sayling, he arriued on the shore ioyning on the promontarie where he, his mother, and Lamedon were first wrecked.

Leaue we him wandring with some few of his traine that came with him along the sea side, to seek out some towne or village where to refresh themselves, & let vs a while to the court of Democles, where our historie began: who hauing comitted his daughter with her tender babe, her husband Maximinus and Lamedon his uncle without care or mariner to the fury of the mercurielle waues, determined to leaue y<sup>e</sup> succession of his kingdome to vncertaine chance: for his M. with Sephestiaes losse (whom she deemed to be dead) took such thought, that within short time after she died. Democles as carelesse of all weathers, spent his time Epicure like in all kind of pleasures, that either art or expence might afford, so as for his dissolute life hee seemed another Helio-gabalus, deriuing his securitie from that grounded tranquillitie, which made it prouerbiall to the world, *No heauen but Arcadia*. Hauing spent many yeeres in this varietie of ha-

## Groenes Arcadia.

nitie, Farno determining to apply her selfe to his fancie, sounded in his eare the singular beauty of his daughter Samela: he although he were an old colt, yet had not cast all his wanton teeth, which made him vnder the guise of being sicke of a grievous Apoplexie, keale from his Court secretly in the disguise of a shepheard, to come and seeke out Samela, who not a little proud of her new flocke, lived more contented then if shee had bene Queene of Arcadie, and Melicertus ioying not a little that she was parted from Menaphon, vled every day to visite her without dread, and court her in such shepheards termes as he had, which how they pleased her, I leaue to you to imagine, when as not long after shee vowed marriage to him solemnly in presence of all the shepheards, but not to be solemnized til the prophetic was fulfilled, mentioned in the beginning of this historie. Although this penance exceeded the limits of his patience, yet hoping that the oracle was not uttered in vaine, and might as well (albeit he knew not which way) be accomplished in him as in any other, was contented to make a vertue of necessity, and await the utmost of his destinie. But Pleusippus, who by this time had perfected his policies, exchanging his garments with one of the heardgrowines of Menaphon, tracing ouer the plaines in the habite of a shepheard, chanced to meete with Democles as he was new come into those quarters, whom mistaking for an old shepherd, he began many impertinent questions belonging to the shep-herdes; at last he asked him if hee knew Samelaes shepfold: who answering doubtfully to all alike, made him halfe angry: and had not Samela passed by at that instant to fill her bottle at a spring nere the foot of the promontorie, he should like enough haue had full handfull of our new shepheards shepfocke. But the wonder of her beautie so wrought with his wounded fancie, that hee thought report a partial spreader of her praises, and came too base to talke of such formes. Samela espying this faire shepheard so farre ouergone in his gazing, stept to him, & asked him if hee knew her that hee so ouerlookt her. Pardon me faire shepheardesse (said Pleusippus,



dippus) if it be a fault, for I cannot chuse being Eagle sighted, but gaze on the Sonne the first time I see it. And truly I cannot chuse but compare you to one of *Esops* apes, that finding a Glow-worme in the night, took it for a fire: and you seeing a face full of deformities, mistake it for the Sun. Indeed it may be mine eyes made opposite to such an object may faile in their office, having their lights rebated by such brightnesse. Say not unlike quoth *Samela*, for else out of doubt you would see your way better. Why quoth *Pleusidippus*, I cannot goe out of the way when I meet such glistering Goddesses in my way. How now sir *Paris*, are you out of your *Arithmeticke*, I thinke you have lost your wits with your eyes, that mistake *Arcadie* for *Iba*, and a Shepheardesse for a Goddess. How ever it please you (quoth *Pleusidippus*) to derogate from my prowess by the tittle of *Paris*, know that I am not so farre out of my *Arithmeticke*, but that by multiplication I can make two of one, in an houres warning; or be as good as a cipher to fill by a place at the worst hand: for my wit sufficeth be it neuer so simple to proue both *re* and *voce*, that there can be no *VACUUM* in *rebus NATURA*: and mine eyes, or else they deceine me, will enter so farre in art, as *niger est contrarius albo*, and teach me how to discerne shiirt blacke and white.

Such other circumstance of prattle passed betwene them, which the *Arcadian* records do not shew, nor I remember: sufficeth he pleaded love, & was repulst: which drove him into such a choler, that meeting his supposed Shepheard, who lying vnder a bush had all this while ouer-heard them, he entered into such tearmes of indignation, as love shaking his earth-quaking hayre, when he sate in consultation of *Licaon*. Wherefoze *Democles* perceining *Pleusidippus* repulst, who was euery way graced with the ornaments of nature, began to call ouer his badde penny-worths, in whose face age had furrowed her wrinkles, except he should lay his crowne downe at her seate, and tell her hee was King of *Arcadia*; which in Common-wealths respects, seeming not commodious, hee thought to turne

a new lease, and make this young shepheard the means to perfect his purpose. He had not farre from that place a strong Castle, which was inhabited as then by none but tillmen and heardgrowers: thither did he perswade Pleusidippus to carry her perforce, and effect that by constraint, that he could not attaine by entreaty, who listening not a little to this counsaile, that was neuer plotted for his advantage, presently put in practice what he of late gaue in precepts, and waiting till the evening that Samela should fold her sheepe, hauing giuen his men the watch word, mauer all the shepheards adioining, he mounted her behind him, and being by Democles directed to the Castle, he made such haucke among the stubborne heardsmen, that will they, nill they, he was Lord of the Castle. Yet might not this preuaile with Samela, who constant to her olde shepheard, would not entertaine any new loue: which made Pleusidippus thinke all his harvest lost in the reaping, and blemish all his delights with a mournfull drooping.

But Democles that lookt for a mountaine of golde in a Molehill, finding her alone, began to discourse his loue in more ample manner then euer Pleusidippus, telling her how he was a King, what his reuenues were, what power hee had to aduance her, with many other proude vaunts of his wealth, and prodigall termes of his treasure. Samela hearing the name of a King, and perceiuing him to be her Father, was amazed like Medusæes metamorphosis, and blushing oft with intermingled sighes, began to thinke how iniurious Fortune was to her shewen in such an incestuous Father: but hee, hote spurred in his purpose, gaue her no time to deliberate or consider of the matter, but required either a quicke consent, or a present deniall. Shee told him, that the shepheard Melicertus was already intitled in the interest of her beautie, wherefore it was in vaine what hee or any other could plead in the way of perswasion.

He thereupon entring into a large fielde of the basenesse of shepheards, & royalties of kings, with many other assembled

sembled arguments of delight, that would haue fetcht Venus from her sphere to diport: but Samela, whose mouth could digest no other meate saue only her sweet Melicertus, ashamed so long to hold parley with her father about such a matter, floung away to her withdrawing Chamber in a dissembled rage, and there after her wonted manner bewailed her misfortunes.

Democles plunged thus in a labyrinth of restless passions, seeing Melicertus figure was so deeply printed in the center of her thoughts, as neither the resolution of his fantrie, his Metamorphosis from a King to a trausailer, Crownes, kingdomes, preferments, (batteries that soone ouerthrow the fortreffe of womens fantasies) when Democles lay, saw that none of these could remoue Samela, hearing that the Arcadian Shepheards were in an vprore for the losse of their beautifull Shepheardesse, his hote loue changing to a byrd of coy disdain, hee intended by some reuenge, epyther to obtaine his loue, or satisfie his hate: wherevppon thoroughly resolved, he stole away secretly in his shepheards apparell, and got him downe to the plains where he found all the swaines in a mutinie about the recovery of their beautifull Paragon. Democles stepping amongst the rowte, demaunded the cause of their controuersie: Dary sir, quoth Doron bluntly, the flower of all our garland is gone. How meane you that sir, quoth he: What had, answered Doron, an Ewe amongst our Rams, whose fleece was as white as the hayres that grow on Father Boreas chime, or as the dangling dewlap of the silver Bull, her front curled like to the Erimanthyan Boare, and spangled like to the Motted stockings of Saturne, her face like Mars treading vpon the milke white clowdes: beloue mee Shepheard, her eyes like the fierie torches tilting against the Moone: This Paragon, this none such, this Ewe, this mistris of our flocks, was by a wilie Foxe stolne from our folds, for which these shepherds assemble themselves to recover so wealthy a prize. What is hee quoth Menaphon, that Doron is in such debate with: Fellow canst thou tell

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vs any newes of the faire Shepherdesse, that the knight of  
 Thessalie hath caried away from her fellow nymphes. De-  
 mocles thinking to take oportunitie by the fore-head, & se-  
 ing time had feathred his bolt, willing to assay as he might  
 to hit the marke, began thus. Shepheards, you see my pro-  
 fession is your trade, and although my wandring fortunes  
 be not like your home-bozne fauours, yet were I in the  
 groues of Thessalian Tempe, as I am in the plaines of  
 Arcadie, the swaines would giue me as many due honours,  
 as they present you here with submisle reuerence. Beauty  
 that drew Apollo from heauen to play the Shepheard, that  
 fetcht loue from heauen to beare the shape of a bull for A-  
 genors daughter, the excellence of such a metaphysicall ver-  
 tue, I mean (shepheards) the same of your faire Samele, ho-  
 uering in the eares of euery man as a miracle of nature,  
 brought me from Thessaly to sad mine eyes with Arcadies  
 wonder: stepping alongst the shore to come to some shepe-  
 coate where my wearie limmes might haue rest. Loue that  
 for my labors thought to lead me to fancies pauillion, was  
 my conduct to a Castle, where a Thessalian knight lyes in  
 hold; the Portcullis was let downe, the bridge drawne, the  
 court of garde kept: thither I went, & for by my tongue I was  
 knowne to be a Thessalian, I was entertained and lodged:  
 the knight whose pæres are yong, and valure matchlesse,  
 holding in his armes a Lady more beautifull then Loues  
 Quene, all blubbred with tears, asked me many questiōs,  
 which as I might I replied vnto: but while hee talkt, mine  
 eye surfeiting with such excellence, was detained vpon the  
 glorious shew of such a wonderfull object: I demaunded  
 what she was, of the standers by, and they said she was the  
 faire Shepherdesse whom the knight had taken from the  
 swaines of Arcadie, and would cary with the first wind that  
 serued into Thessaly: this (shepheards) I know, and grieue  
 that thus your loues should be ouermatcht with Fortune,  
 and your affections puld back by contrariety of Destenie.  
 Melicertus hearing this, the fire sparkling out of his eyes,  
 began thus, I tell thee shepheard, if Fates with their fore-  
 pointing

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pointing pensils did pen down, or fortune with the dāpe  
variety resolute, or loue with his greatest power determin  
to depriue Arcadia of the beautifull Samela, we wold with  
our blood signe downe such spels on the plaines, that either  
our Gods should summo her to Elizium, or she rest with vs  
quiet & fortunate: thou seest y shepheards are vp in armes  
to reuenge, only it rests who shall haue the honoz & princi  
pality of the field. What needs that question quoth Men  
aphon, am not I the kings Shepheard, and chiefe of all the  
bordering swaines of Arcadia? I grant. quoth Melicertus,  
but am not I a Gentleman, though tired in a Shepheards  
skincote, superioz to thee in birth, though equal now in pro  
fessio: Wel, from words they had salne to blowes, had not  
the shepheards parted them, & for the auoiding of further  
troubles, it was agreed that they should in two Eglogues  
make description of their loue: and Democles, for he was a  
stranger, to sit Censor, and who best could decipher his  
mistris perfection, should be made generall of the rest. Mc  
naphon & Melicertus condescended to this motion, and De  
mocles sitting as a Iudge, the rest of the shepheards stand  
ing as witnesses of this combate, Menaphon began thus.

*Menaphons Eglogue.*

Too weake the wit, too slender is the brāine,  
That meanes to marke the power and worth of loue:  
Not one that liues (except he hap to proue)  
Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret paine.

Yet I that haue beene prentice to the grieve,  
Like to the cunning sea-man, from a farre  
By gesse will take the beautie of that starre,  
Whose influence must yeeld me chiefe reliefe.

You Censors of the glory of my deere,  
With reuerence, and lowly bent of knee:  
Attend and marke what her perfections be,  
For in my words my fancies shall appeare.

Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wooll,  
That Iason with his Grecian mates atchiu'de:

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As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriu'd,  
As full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full:

Her browes are pretty tables of conceit,  
Where loue his records of delight doth quoaate:  
On them her dallying locks do daily floate,  
As loue full oft doth feede vpon the baite:

Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the purest lights  
That animate the sunne, or cleare the day:  
In whom the shining sun-beames brightly play,  
Whiles fancy doth on them diuine deli. hts.

Her cheekes like ripened Lillies sleept in wine,  
Or faire Pomgranade kernels washt in milke:  
Or snow-white threds, in nets of crimson silke,  
Or gorgeous clouds vpon the sunnes decline.

Her lips like Roses ouerwasht with dew,  
Or like the purple of *Narcissus* flower:  
No frost their faire, no wind doth waste their power,  
But by her breath her beauties doe renew.

Her christall chin like to the purest mold,  
Enchac'd with daintiest daisies soft and white:  
Where fancies faire pavilion once is pight,  
Whereas imbrac'd his beauties he doth hold.

Her necke like to an Iuory shining towre,  
Wherethrough with azure veines sweete *Nectar* runnes:  
Or like the downe of Swannes where *Senesse* wonnes,  
Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure.

Her pappes are like faire apples in the prime,  
As round as orient pearles, as soft as downe:  
They neuer veile their faire through winters frowne,  
But from their sweets loue sukt his summer time.

Her bodies beauties best esteemed bowre,  
Delicious, comely, dainty, without flaines:  
The thought whereof (not toucht) hath wrought my paine,  
Whose faire, all faire and beauties doth deuoure.

Her maiden wount, the dwelling house of pleasure,  
Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:  
O blest is he may bring such beauties vnder,

Or

Or search by sute the secrets of that treasure.

Deuour'd in thought, how wanders my deuice?  
What rests behind I must diuine vpon.

Who talks the best, can say but fairer none:  
Few words well coucht doe most content the wise.

All you that heare, let not my silly stile,  
Condemne my zeale: for what my tongue should say  
Serues to inforce my thoughts to seeke the way  
Whereby my woes and cares I doe beguile.

Seld speaketh Loue, but sighes his secret paines,  
Teares are his truce-men, words doe make him tremble:  
How sweet is loue, to them that can dissemble,  
In thoughts and looks, till they haue reapt the gaines?

Alonely I sm plaine, and what I say  
I thinke, yet what I thinke tongue cannot tell:  
Sweet Censors, take my silly worst for well:  
My faith is firme, though home'y be my lay.

After the haplesse Menaphon had in this homely discourse  
shadowed his heauenly delight, the shepheard Melicertus,  
after some pause began in this sort.

*Melicertus Eglogue.*

What neede compare where sweet exceeds compare?  
Who drawes his thoughts of loue from sencelesse things  
Theyr pompe and greatest glory doth impaire,  
And mount Loues heauen with ouer-leaden wings.

Stones, hearbes, and flowers, the foolish spoiles of earth,  
Floods, mettals, colours, dalliance of the eye:  
These shew conceit is staid with too much dearth:  
Such abstract fond compares make cunning die.

But he that hath the feeling tast of loue,  
Deriues his essence from no earthly ioy:  
A weake conceit his power cannot approoue,  
For earthly thoughts are subiect to annoy.



Be whist, be still, be silent Censors now,  
My fellow swaine h'as told a pretty tale,  
Which moderne Poets may perhaps allow,  
Yet I condemne the termes, for they are stale.

*Apollo* when my mistress first was borne,  
Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,  
And said, I plant these wires in Natures scorne,  
Whose beautie shall appeare when Time is dead.

From forth the Christall heauen, when she was made,  
The purity thereof did taint her brow:  
On which the glistering sunne that sought the shade  
Gan set, and there his glories doth auow.

Those eyes, faire eyes, too faire to be describe  
Were those that earst the Chaos did reforme:  
To whom the heauens their beauties haue ascribe,  
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worme.

When first her faire delicious cheekes were wrought,  
*Aurora* brought her blush, the Moone her White:  
Both so combinde as passed natures thought,  
Compild those prettie orbes of sweet delight.

When Loue and Nature once were proude with play,  
From both their lips her lips the corall drew:  
On them doth fancie sleepe, and every day  
Doth swallow ioy, such sweet delights to view.

Whilome, while *Venus* sonne did seeke a bowre,  
To sport with *Pischer*, his desired deare,  
He chose her chin, and from that happy stowre,  
He neuer flints in glorie to appeare.

Desires and ioyes that long had serued Loue,  
Behold a hold, where pretty eyes might wooe them:  
Loue made her necke, and for their best behoue  
Hath shut them there, whence no man can vndoe them.

Once *Venus* dreamt vpon two prettie things,  
Her thoughts they were affections chiefeest nests:  
She suckt and sighde, and bathde her in the springs,  
And when she wakt, they were my mistris breasts.

Once

Greenes Arcadia.

Once *Cupid* sought a hold to couch his kisses,  
And found the body of my best beloude,  
Wherein he closde the beautie of his blisses,  
And from that bowre can neuer be remoude.

The Graces earst, when *Alcedelian* springs  
Were waxen dry, perhaps did find her fountaine  
Within the bale of blisse, where *Cupids* wings  
Doe shield the *Nectar* fleeing from the mountaine.

No more fond man : things infinite, I see,  
Brooke no dimension : hell a foolish spech,  
For endlesse things may neuer talked be,  
Then let me liue to honour and beseech.

Sweet Natures pompe, if my deficient phraze  
Hath staine thy glories by too little skill,  
Yeeld pardon though mine eye that long did gaze,  
Hath left no better patterne to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detain  
Your listning eares with dalliance of my tongue :  
I speake my ioyes, but yet conceale my paine,  
My paine too old, although my yeeres be young.

As soone as *Melicertus* had ended this *Eglogue*, they expected the come of *Democles*, who hearing the sweet description, wherein *Melicertus* described his mistris, wondered that such rare conceits could be harboured vnder a shepherds gray clothyng: at last hee made this answer. *Arcadian* swaines, whose wealth is content, whose labours are tempered with sweete loues, whose minds aspire not, whose thoughts brooke no enuie, only as rivals in affection, you are friendly emulators in honest fancie : sith fortune (as enemy to your quiet) hath rest you of your faire Shepherdesse (the worlds wonder, & *Arcadies* miracle) & one of you as champion must lead the rest to reuenge, both desirous to she to your baloe as your forwardnes in affection, & yet (as I said) one to be whole chieftain of the train, I awarde to *Melicertus* that honour (as to him that hath most curiously portrayed out his mistris excellence) to

beare the sole rule & supremacie. At this Menaphon grudged, and Melicertus was in an extasie of ioy, so that gathering all his forces together of stout head-strong clowes amounting to the number of some 200. hee apparrelled him selfe in armor, colour fables, as mourning for his mistris: in his shield hee had figured the waues of the sea, Venus sitting on them in the height of all her pride. Thus marched Melicertus forward with old Democles, the supposed Shepheards, till they came to the Castle where Pleusidippus & his faire Samela were residēt. As soone as they came there, Melicertus begirt the Castle with such a sledge, as so many shepish cavaliers could furnish: which when hee had done, summoned them in the Castle to parley: the young Knight slept vpon the walles, & seeing such a crew of base companions, with iackets and rustie bills on their backs, fell into a great laughter, and began to taunt them thus. Why, what strange metamorphosis is this? Are the plaines of Arcadie, whilome filled with labourers, now ouer-layde with Launces? Are shepe transformed into men, swaines into souldiers, and a wandring companie of poore Shepheards, into a worthy troupe of resolute champions? No doubt, either Pan meanes to play the God of warre, or else these be but such men as rose of the teeth of Cadmus. Now I see the beginning of your warres, and the pretended end of your stratagems: the shepheards hauing a madding humor like the Grækes to seeke for the recouerie of Helena, so you for the regaining of your faire Samela. Were there shepheards, & I a Priam to defend her with resistance of a ten yeres siege: yet for I were loath to haue any castle sackt like Troy, I pray you tell me, which is Agamemnon? Melicertus hearing the youth speaking thus proudly, hauing the sparks of honor fresh vnder the cinders of pouerty, incited with lone & valour, (two things to animate the most dastard Thersites to enter cōbate against Hercules) answered thus: Unknowne yongster of Thessalie, if the feare of thy hardy derdes, were like the diapaſō of thy threats, we would thinke the Castle of longer sledge, then either our ages

ges would permit, or our valour aduenture: but where the  
 shelve is most shallow, there the water breakes most high:  
 empty vessels haue the highest sounds, hollow rockes the  
 loudest echoes, & prattling gloriouers the smallest perfor-  
 mance of courage: for p<sup>r</sup>oofe wherof, seeing thou hast made  
 a rape of faire Samela, one of her vowed shepherds is come  
 for the safety of her swæte selfe to challenge thee to single  
 combat: if thou ouercome me, thou shalt fræly passe with  
 the sheperdesse to Thessaly: if I vanquish thee, thou shalt  
 feele the burden of thy rashnesse, and Samela the swætnesse  
 of her liberty. Pleusidippus marvelled at the resolution of  
 the shepheard: but when Democles heard how if he won,  
 she should be transported into Thessaly, a world of sorowes  
 tumbled in his discontented bzaime, that he hammered in  
 his head by many means to stay the faire Samela: for when  
 Pleusidippus in a great choler was ready to throw downe  
 his ganilet, & to accept of the combat, Democles stept vp,  
 and spake thus: *Worthy mirroirs of resolu'd magnani-*  
*mity, whose thoughts are aboue your fortunes, & whose*  
*valour more than your reuenews, know that bitches that*  
*puppie in hast, bring forth blind whelpes, that there is no*  
*her be sooner sprung vp than the Spattarmia, nor sooner fa-*  
*deth: the fruits too soone ripe are quickly rotten, that deeds*  
*done in hast are repented at leisure. Then bzaue men in so*  
*weighty a cause, and for the conquest of so excellent a para-*  
*gon, let not one minute begin & end the quarrell, but like*  
*Fabius of Rome vsd delay in such dangerous exploits, whē*  
*honor sits on wreaths of laurel to giue the victor his Gar-*  
*land: defer it some three daies, & then in solemne maner end*  
*the combat. To this good motion, not only Pleusidippus, &*  
*Melicertus agreed, but all y<sup>e</sup> company were consenting, and*  
*vpō pledges of truce giuen, they rested. But Democles see-*  
*ing in couert he could not conquer, and that in despairing*  
*loues secrecy was no salue, he despatcht letters to the po-*  
*bilitie of his Court, with strait charge that they should be*  
*in that place within three daies with 10000 strong. This*  
*newes came no sooner to the General of his forces, but le-*  
*nying*

uying so many approued souldiers, he marched secretly by night to the place Democles in his Letter had prescribed, and there ioyfully entertained by the king, they were placed in ambush, ready when the signall should be giuen to issue out of the place, & performe their soneiraigns command. Well the third day being come, no soneer did Titan arise from the watery couch of his lemmuan, but those two champions were ready in the lists, accompanied with the rout of al the Arcadian shepheards, & old Democles whom they had appointed for one of the Judges. Peneusdippus seeing Melicertus aduance on his shield the waues of the sea with a Venus sitting vpon them, maruelled what the she heard should be that gaue this armes, and Melicertus was as much amazed to see a strange Thessalian knight want his armes without difference: yet being so fraught with direful reuēge, as they scorned to salute ech other so much as with threats, they fell toughly to blowes. Samela standing on top of a turret, & biewing the combat, the poore Lady griening that for her cause such a stratagem should arise in Arcady, her countenance full of sorrow, & floods of teares falling from her eyes, she began to breathe out her passion. Unfortunate Samela, borne to mishaps, & forepointed to sinister fortunes, whose bloom was ripened to mischance, & whose fruit is like to wither with despaire, in thy youth late discontent pruning herselfe in thy forehead, now in thy age sorrow hides her selfe amongst the wrinkles of thy face: thus art thou unfortunate in the prime, & crossed with contrary accidents in thy autumn, as haplesse as Helena, to haue the burden of wars laid on the wings of thy beauty. And who must be the champion: Whose sword must pearce the helmet of thine enemy: Whose blood must purchase the freedom of Samela, but Melicertus: if he conquer, then Samela triumphs, as if she had bene chiefe victor in the Olympiades: if he lose, euery droppe falling from his wounds into centre of his thoughts, as his death to him, so shall it be to me, the end of my loues, my life, and my liberty. As still she was about to go forward in her passion,

the

## Greenes Arcadia.

the trumpet sounded, and they fell to fight in such furious sort, as the Arcadians and Democles himselfe wondered to see the courage of the Shepheard, that he tied the knight to such a soze taske. Pleusidippus likewise feeling an extraordinary kind of force, & seeing with what courage the knight of the shepheards fought, began to coniecture diuersly of the warre, and to feare the event of the combat. On the contrary part, Melicertus halfe wearied with the heauie blowes of Pleusidippus, stood in a maze how so yong a wag should be so expert in his weapon.

Thus debating diuersly in their severall thoughts, at length being both weary, they stept backe, and leaning on their swords, toke breath, gazing each on other. At last, Pleusidippus burst into these speeches. Shepheard in life, though now a gentleman in armor, if thy degre be better, I glory, I not disgraced with the combate: tell me, how darrest thou so farre wrong me, as to beare mine armes on thy shield? Pyncocks (quoth Melicertus) thou liest, they be mine owne, and thou contrary to the law of Armes bearest my cress without difference, in which quarrell, seeing it concerneth my honor, I will reuenge it as farre as my lones: and with that he gaue such a charging blow at Pleusidippus helme, that he had almost ouerturned him: Pleusidippus left not the blow vnrequited, but doubted his force: insomuch that the hazard of the battell was doubtful, and both of them were faine to take breath againe. Democles seeing his time, that both of them were so weakened, gaue the watch word, & the ambush leapt out, slaughtered many of the shepheards, put the rest to flight, toke the two Champions prisoners, and sacking the Cattle, carried them and the faire Samela to his Court: letting the shepherdesse haue her liberty, but putting Melicertus & Pleusidippus into a deepe and darke dungeon.

Where leauing these passionate Louers in this Catastrophe, againe to Doron, the homely blunt Shepheard: who hauing bene long enamoured of Carmela, much god wooing past betwixt them, and yet little speedy: at last,

L

both

## Greene's Arcadia.

both of them met hard by the Promontory of Arcadie, she leading forth her shepe, and he going to see his new yearned Lambs. As soone as they met, breaking a few quarter blowes with such country glances as they could, they gazed one at another lovingly. At last Doron manfully began thus.

Carmela, by my troth good morrow, it is as dainty to see you abroad, as to eate a messe of sweet milke in Iuly: you are proued such a house-dowe of late, or rather so good a hufwife, that no man may see you vnder a couple of Capons, the Church-yard may stand long enough ere you will come to looke on it, and the piper may beg, for euery penny he gets out of your purse: but it is no matter, you are in loue with some stout ruffler, and yet worse folks, such as I am, must be content with porredge: and with that, turning his backe, he smiled in his sleeue to see how kindly he had giuen her the bob: which Carmela seeing, she thought to be euen with him thus.

Indeed Doron you say well, it is long since we met, and our house is a grange house with you: but we haue tied vp the great dog, & when you come you shall haue graine rushes; you are such a stranger: but it is no matter, soone hote soone cold. he that mingles himselfe with drasse, the hogs will eate him: and she that laies her loue on an unkind man, shall find sorrow enough to eate her soppes withall. And with that Carmela was so full stomackt that she wept.

Doron to shew himselfe a naturall yong man, gaue her a few kind kisses to comfort her; and sware that she was the woman he loued best in the world, & for proue (quoth he) thou shalt heare what I will praise: and you (quoth she) what I will performe. And so taking hand in hand, they kindly sate them downe, and began to discourse their loues in these Eglogues.

*Dorons Eglogues ioyned with Carmelaes:*

Sit downe Carmela, heere are cubs for Kings,  
Sloes blacke as Iear, or like my Christmas shoes:

Sweete!



## Greenes Arcadia.

Sweet Sidar, which my leathren bottle brings:  
Sit downe *Carmela*, let me kisse thy toes.

*Carmela.*

Ah *Doron*, ah my hart, thou art as white  
As is my mothers Calfe, or brinded Cow:  
Thine eyes are like the flow-wormes in the night,  
Thine haire resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere,  
Like to the furrowes of my fathers waine:  
Thy sweat vpon thy face doth oft appeare,  
Like to my mothers fat and kitchin gaine.

Ah leaue my toe, and kisse my lips, my loue,  
My lips are thine, for I haue giuen them thee:  
Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my gloue,  
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

*Doron.*

*Carmela* decre, euen as the golden ball  
That *Venus* got, such are thy goodly eyes,  
When cherries iuyce is iumbled therewithall:  
Thy breath is like the steame of apple-pyes.

Thy lips resemble two Cowcubers faire,  
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine:  
Thy speech is like the thunder in the ayre,  
Would God thy toes, thy lyps, and all were mine.

*Carmela.*

*Doron*, What thing doth moue this wishing grieffe?

*Doron.*

'Tis Loue *Carmela*, ah tis cruell Loue:  
That like a slaue, and catiue villaine thee,se,  
Hath cut my throat of ioy for my behoue.

*Carmela.*

Where was he borne?

*Doron.*

In faith I know not where,  
But I haue heard much talking of his dart:  
Aye me poore man, with many a trickling teare,  
I feele him wound the forchearse of my hart.

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What

## Greenes Arcadia.

What doe I loue? O no, I doe but talke,  
What, shall I die for loue? O no, not so:  
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walke,  
Come kisse *Carmela*, and confound my woe.

*Carmela.*

Euen with this kisse, as once my father did,  
I seale the sweet endentures of delight:  
Before I breake my vow, the Gods forbid,  
No not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

*Doron.*

Euen with this garland made of Holly-hocks,  
I crosse thy browes from euery shepheards kisse:  
Heigh ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks,  
My frolicke heart euen now a freeman is.

*Carmela.*

I thanke you *Doron*, and will thinke on you,  
I loue you *Doron*, and will winke on you:  
I seale your chapter patent with my thums,  
Come kisse and part, for feare, thy mother comes.

Thus ended this merrie Eclogue betwixt *Doron* and  
*Carmela*: which (Gentlemen) if it be stuff with prettie Sim-  
ilies, and farre fetched Metaphors, thinke the poore coun-  
try Louers knowe no further comparisons then came  
within compasse of their country Logicke. Well, tis a  
good world when such simplicitie was vsed, sayes the old  
Women of our time, when a ring of a rush would tie as  
much loue together as a ginnon of gold: but gentlemen,  
since we haue talked of loue so long, you shal giue me leaue  
to shew my opinion of that foolish fancie, thus.

*Sonetto.*

What thing is loue? It is a power diuine,  
That reignes vs, or esse a wreakfull law,  
That doomes our mindes to beautie to incline.  
It is a starre, whose influence doth draw

Our

## Greenes Arcadia.

Our hearts to loue dissembling of his might,  
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Loue is a discord, and a strange diuorce  
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power  
As mad with reason we admit that force,  
Which wit or labour neuer may deuoure.

It is a will that brooketh no consent:

It would refuse, yet neuer may repent,  
Loue's a desire, which for to waite a time.  
Doth lose an age of yeares, and so doth passe  
As doth the shadow seuered from his prime,  
Seeming as though it were, yet neuer was:

Leauing behind nought but repentant thoughts

Of dayes ill spent, for that which profit noughts.

It's now a peace, and then a sudden warre,  
A hope consume before it is conceiu'd,  
At hand it feares, and menaceth a farre,  
And he that gaines is most of all deceiu'd:

It is a secret hidden and not knowne,

Which one may better feele then write vpon.

Thus Gentlemen haue you heard my verdit in this Sonnet: now will I returne to Doron and Carmela, who not seeing her mother come, sel againe to a few homely kisses, and thus it was.

After they had thus amourosly ended their Eglogues, they plighted faith and troth, & Carmela very briskly wiping her mouth with a white apzon, sealed it with a kisse, which Doron taketh maruellous kindly: after a litle playing loath to depart, they both went about their businesse. Leauing them therefore to their busines, againe to Democles, who seeing no entreaties would serue to perswade Samela to loue, neither the hope of the Arcadian crowne, nor the title of a Quene, lastly assayed with frowns & threats but all in vaine: for Samela, first restrained by nature in that he was her father, and secondly by loue, in that Melicertus lay imprisoned onely for her sake, stood still so stiffe

## Greenes Arcadia.

to her tackling, that Democles changing loue into hate, resolved to reuenge that with death, which no meanes else might satisfie: so that to colour his frauds withall, he gaue Samela free libertie to visite Melicertus: which shee had not long done, but that by the instigation of the old King, the Gailor cōfederate to his trechery, accuseth her of adultery: whereupō without further witnes they both were condemned to die. These two louers knowing themselues guiltlesse in this surmised faction, were ioyfull to end their loues with their lines, and so to conclude all in a fatall & final contēt of minds & fashions. But Democles set free Pleusidippus, as afraid lest the King of Thessalie would reuege the wrong of his knight, entertaining him with such sumptuous banquets, as befitted so braue and woorthy a Gentlemā. The day prefixed came, wherein these parties should die. Samela was so desirous to end her life with her friend, that shee would not reueale either vnto Democles or Melicertus what she was: and Melicertus rather chose to die with his Samela, then once to name himselfe Maximius.

Both thus resolved, were brought to the place of execution: and Pleusidippus sitting on a scaffold with Democles, seeing Samela come forth like the bush in the morning, felt an vnconth passion in his mind, & nature began to enter combat with his thoughts: not loue, but reuerēce, not fancie, but feare began to assaile him, & he turned to the king, & said: Is it not pittie Democles, such diuine beauty should be wrapt in cinders: so, quoth Democles, where the anger of a King must be satisfied. At this answer Pleusidippus wrapt his face in his cloke and wept, & all the assistants graued to see so faire a creature subiect to the violent rage of Fortune. Well, Democles commanded the deathsmā to doe his duty, who kneeling downe and crauing pardon, ready to giue Melicertus the fatall stroake, there stept out an old woman attired like a Prophetesse, who cryed out, Villaine holde thy hand, thou wrongest the Daughter of a King. Democles hearing the outcry, and seeing that at that word the people begā to mutinie & murmur, deman-

ded

## Greenes Arcadia.

ded of the old woman what she ment. Now quoth she, Democles, is the Delphian Oracle performed, Neptune hath yielded vp the worlds wonder, and that is yong Pleusidippus nephew to thee, and sonne to faire Sephestia, who here standeth vnder the name of Samela, cast vpon the promontory of Arcadia with her yong sonne, where she as a shepherdesse hath liued in labors tempred with lones: her son playing on the shore, was conueied by certain pirats into Thessaly, where (when as he was supposed euery way to be dead) doing deeds of chivalry, he fulfilled the prophery: your highnesse giuing the Lion, were guid vnto the lambs in dissembling your selfe a shephard: planets resting vpon the hils, was y picture of Venus vpon their crests: and the seas that had neither ebbe nor tide, was the combat twixt the father and the son, that gaue the waues of the seas in their shields, not able to vauquish one another, but parting with equall victorie. For know (Democles) this Melicertus is Maximius, twise betrothed to Sephestia, and father to yong Pleusidippus: now therefore the Oracle fulfilled, is the happy time wherein Arcady shall rest in peace. At this the people gaue a great shout, & the old woman banisht. Democles as a man ravisht with an extasy of sodaine ioy, safe still, and stared on the face of Sephestia: Pleusidippus in all duty leapt from his seat, and went and couered his mother with his robe, crauing pardon for the tendernes of his incessuous affection: & kneeling at his fathers feet submisse, in that he had drawne his sword, and sought his life: that first in the world gaue him life. Maximius first lookt on his wife, and seeing by the lineaments of her face, that it was Sephestia, fell about her neck, and both of them weeping in the bosome of their sonne, shed teares for ioy to see him so braue a Gentleman. Democles all this while sitting in a trance, at last calling his senses together, seeing his daughter reuiued, whom so cruelly for the loue of Maximius he had banished out of his confines, Maximius in safety, and the child a matchlesse paragon of approued chivalry, he leapt from his seate, and embraced them all with  
teares,

## Greenes Arcadia.

teares, craning pardon of Maximius and Sephestia: and to shew that the outward object of his watery eyes had a sympathy with the inward passion of his heart, he impaled the head of his yong nephew Pleusidippus with the crowne and diademe of Arcadie: so that his brother Lammedon had in all distresse not left his daughter Sephestia, he tooke the matter so kindly, that he reconciled himselfe vnto him, and made him Duke in Arcadie. The successe of this fore-rehearsed Catastrophe growing so comical, they all concluded after the festiuall solemnizing of the coronation (which was made famous with the excellent deeds of many worthy caualliers,) to passe into Thessalie, to contract the marriage betwixt Pleusidippus, and the daughter of the Thessalian King. Which newes spied through Arcadie as a wonder, that at last it came to Menaphons ears: who hearing the high parentage of his supposed Samela, seeing his passions were too aspiring, & that with the Syriean Molues he barked against the Moone, he left such lettice as were too fine for his lippes, and courted his old loue Pefana, to whom shortly after he was married. And lest there should beleft any thing vnperfect in this pastozall accident, Doron smudged himselfe vp, and tumped a marriage with his old friend Carmela.

FINIS

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